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THE LAND WE LOVE.

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EDUCATION.*

The same want of industry, want of perseverance, want of prompt attention to business, want of adaptation of right means to accomplish cherished ends were displayed everywhere and in every department. They brought misery, disaster, and ultimate ruin upon our cause. Nothing but the magnificent courage of our troops kept the Confederate flag so long afloat to battle and to breeze.

The world never before saw such a glorious array of gallant soldiers as those who rallied around Southern banners at the first call to arms. Deeds which would have immortalized a Roman or a Spartan scarce found a record in a local newspaper. The wildest stories of prowess in the pages of romance were surpassed by men, regardless then of distinction, and still unknown to fame. The most daring feats were scarcely commented upon outside of the regiment, and scarcely outside of the company to which the actors belonged.

Nothing could be proposed so hazardous as not to receive, instantly, more volunteers than were needed for its performance. At Yorktown, the Berdan sharp-shooters had been driven out of a house, but still used it as a cover, and controlled it by their fire. A general officer said to the colonel of the 23d N.C. regiment, "Call for three volunteers to burn that house." "I will have to select the men, my whole regiment will volunteer," was the reply. Such was the spirit of the army. The duty of officers was to restrain and not to stimulate.

Nor was this an easy task. The most ordinary precautions were neglected. Recklessness was the established order of things; and the officer had to be more reckless of his person than the men, before his words of warning, for the preservation of life, would be heeded or even listened to with toleration.

While our enemies wisely covered their advances by frowning batteries and earthworks, our own men scornfully relied upon their ability to wrest these from them. It is not the design of this article to show that, in the first two years of the war, we fought too much and at too great disadvantage. Every one now understands this, and that the Fabian policy of Washington and of Johnston could alone have saved the country. But 'tis our design to show that the difficulties under which we struggled and under which we sank at last, were due to defects in our education —in which term is comprised domes-

* Continued from June number.

tic, social, and scholastic training. We will draw our illustrations chiefly from the incidents of the war, not for the purpose of pointing out remedies for deficiencies in case of another contest. We earnestly trust that no future war will desolate the land in our own generation, or in that of our children. We use them simply for the reason that war demonstrates as nothing else does the excellences or the defects of the educational system of a country. The child of the man of wealth and position has been poorly instructed, who has only learned those things which will adorn a position of ease and affluence. A sudden turn of fortune may throw him a helpless beggar upon the cold charities of a selfish world. When the skies are bright and lovely above, and the water placid and beautiful beneath, 'tis folly to venture out to sea in a pleasure-boat which has neither the strength nor the construction to resist the violence of a storm. The serene heavens may soon be shrouded by black, angry clouds; the smooth surface of the ocean may soon be broken into heaving, tossing, turbulent waves. If we pronounce him to be poorly educated who has learned nothing for the day of adversity, what shall be said of that national system of education which does not contemplate trial, sorrow, and poverty? If we wonder at the madness of the party in the pleasure-boat, what shall be said of that general plan of instruction which assumes that the vessel of state will ever glide over smooth waters, and be fanned by gentle breezes? The bloody struggle around Sebastopol demonstrated the immeasurable inferiority of the British to the French in the art of war.

Deficiencies in the food, clothing, and transportation departments converted their camps into hospitals; deficiencies in the medical appliances changed those hospitals into receptacles for the dead. Deficiencies in the engineering department had to be supplied by costly exhibitions of valor and wasteful expenditure of life. The old British pluck was still there, but 'twas misdirected and misapplied in fruitless deeds of daring. "It is magnificent, but it is not war," was the sarcastic comment of the Frenchman upon the charge at Balaklava.

There was a deeper sarcasm in the courteous toast of Pelissier, "Our brave allies, who have taught us how to die." Sadly they taught that lesson when freezing in tents, hospitals, and trenches, as well as in baring their bosoms gloriously but vainly to the storm of shot and shell.

Waterloo was nobly avenged when France furnished overcoats to the shivering British soldiery. Forty years of peace had caused the arts belonging to refined life to be cultivated in the British isles, almost to the exclusion of those belonging to war. Science was neglected. Oxford was thrust forward, and Cambridge pushed into the background. But the British are an eminently practicable people. Their wonderful ingenuity, which had been developed, and fostered by a wise national policy, and which had found exercise in railroads, tunnels, factories, machine-shops, etc., was now turned toward the production of the implements and appliances of war. Great Britain once more resumed her position as the first power in Europe. But she never could have regained her ancient prestige, had it not been for her immense superiority in mechanical skill and contrivance. Her example then affords a warning and not a precedent for other nations.

Any one of them may lose vantage-ground, she alone can retake it. The wise will profit by the lessons of history as well as those of experience. It is said that fools can be taught only in the school of suffering. We have had the teaching of bitter experience as well as the teaching of history, and we will be worse than idiots if we do not profit by both.

With unsurpassed ingenuity and eminently suggestive minds, the Southern people had never cultivated the mechanic arts. Their social in-

stitutions engaged mind and heart in agriculture, and they were the most successful producers on the globe of the three great staples, cotton, rice, and tobacco.

Their scholastic training, as well as their system of labor, turned their thoughts away from the study of science, and its application to discovery and invention. Hence they found themselves plunged into the most gigantic struggle of modern times, without the means of producing warlike implements, and without the appliances to give efficiency to a campaign. They had one or two foundries for casting siege-guns, none for making field-pieces. They were destitute of powder-mills, machinery for making percussion-caps, manufactories of small-arms, establishments for making cartridge-boxes, belts, caps, shoes, and clothing. They had to improvise arsenals for the manufacture of shot, shell, projectiles of every kind, swords, pistols, and bayonets. With a country rich beyond comparison in minerals, they had so neglected mining, that at the outset of the conflict, they wanted lead for their rifles, iron for their projectiles, and copper for their field-guns. Thousands died for want of medicines which grew upon their soil or were buried beneath it. In like manner, the South had to establish wagon-shops for the construction of gun-carriages, caissons, ambulances, and wagons.

Tanneries had to be made and rude hands set to work upon harness, saddles, and cavalry equipments. The very spurs which the horsemen wore, and the matches with which the infantry soldier lighted his pipe, were the creations of the necessities of war, and made by those all unskilled in such labor. No provision had been made for re-supplying railroads with iron and locomotives, worn out by use or destroyed by the casualties of war. The destruction of any of our lines of communication was almost as irreparable as the destruction of an army. In like manner, we were without the ability to construct engines for steam-boats, and our magnificent rivers soon ceased almost entirely to be used.

So the great invention of Brooke, of the tortoise-shaped vessel, (so superior to the monitors of the North,) was nearly worthless, because we could not furnish with suitable engines the boats constructed upon the Brooke principle. So the ram that defied the whole Federal fleet in the Yazoo and around Vicksburgh had to be blown up at length by its own crew, because it had no motive power. The same deficiency rendered the gun-boats at Wilmington, Charleston, and Mobile, in the James and other rivers, mere floating batteries, formidable for defense, but useless for attack. But our neglect of the mechanic arts was perhaps most strikingly displayed in the scarcity of cotton factories. Having a larger amount of this great staple than any other people, and that too of a vastly superior quality—having, moreover, unequaled water-power, we had not erected establishments enough to supply the one tenth of our population; and the old-fashioned spinning-wheel and loom had to be revived all over the South. Inattention to science in our schools, and disregard of the useful arts depending upon it in practical life, have not been so painfully illustrated elsewhere in modern history as they have been in our own unfortunate country. Never before did a nation rush into war with such inadequate means for carrying it on successfully. The inevitable end had to come, though long deferred by the unsurpassed gallantry of our soldiers, and the unparalleled enthusiasm and energy of our noble women.

The courage of inferior numbers unaided by the appliances of war could not but yield at length to the soldiery and resources of the world. The industry at the knitting-needle and the foot-wheel could not contend with the skill and and tireless labor of spinning-jennies and power-looms.

We had not realized the helplessness of a purely agricultural people, with whom education was an accomplishment, or at most a preparation

for the legislative hall, and not for the development of our resources; with whom mental training was whetting the sword for gladiatorial contest in the political arena, and not the sharpening of ax and plow for subduing the powers of nature. Accordingly, we find that State Conventions met for the purpose of separating from the old Union, in buildings planned by Northern architects, and erected by Northern mechanics out of Northern materials. The members took their seats upon Northern chairs, around a Northern table, and appended their signatures with Northern pens, and Northern ink, to the ordinance of secession, written upon Northern paper. If they looked at their feet, they saw a carpet from a Northern loom. If they looked above, Northern chandeliers supported Northern lamps or Northern candles, which shed an ominous light upon the document they had just signed. The frescoes and ornaments on the ceiling over the chandelier, grimly hinted at Northern quarries, Northern coasting-vessels, and Northern workmanship. If they looked around, they saw paintings executed by Northern artists, and placed in Northern frames, and hung by Northern cords from Northern knobs. The very fire that warmed them was made of Northern coal in Northern grates; or if Southern wood, the andirons that supported that wood were of Northern manufacture, while Northern shovel and tongs rested in Northern hooks against a facing of Northern marble. The eyes of those grave dignitaries could not rest upon a single article in the hall, which was not calculated to remind them of their baby-like dependence upon the people whom they wished to abjure forever. They all sincerely desired a peaceful separation, and most of them believed such a thing to be practicable; but in case of the last dread resort to arms, the weapons with which they hoped to win a separate nationality were all marked with the Northern brand.

And now when the solem act of secession has been accomplished, and the Governor has to notify his people of their changed relations, he draws up his proclamation in a room full of the same Northern associations as the Hall of the Convention.

He has numerous copies made upon Northern paper, places them in Northern envelopes, intrusts them in Northern mailbags, secured by Northern locks and chains, to be carried upon railroads made of Northern iron, by a train of cars, all built at the North, and pulled by Northern locomotives. Such was our preparation for the terrible conflict, and the subsequent conduct of the war was in all respects of the same character.

Having neglected to cultivate the mechanic arts, we had to trust to men whose sympathies were often with our enemies to run our railroads, to work our telegraph wires, to manufacture our ordnance stores, etc. Hence it happened from the beginning to the end of the war, that when troops had to be transported, there were delays, collisions of trains, running off the track and killing of soldiers. Hence it was that we heard so often of the disappearance of telegraph operators with their dispatches. Seldom, indeed, did our troops evacuate a town without leaving a telegraphic operator behind who had not been born at the South. Hence it was that our cannon often burst when most needed, and our shells were often more terrible to friend than to foe.

Hence it was, that every species of practical business being intrusted to alien or unskillful hands exhibited a marvelous ingenuity in bungling and blundering, which the most crafty contriver of Chinese puzzles could not have witnessed without astonishment. But we can do no justice to this subject. Even General Wise, with all his genius and wonderful command of language, fell far short of it in his celebrated address. No other need attempt it after his failure. Let it suffice to say that with the world in arms to aid us, instead of the world in arms against us, we must

have failed with such inherent radical defects in our organization.

There may be persons upon whose minds prestige and prescription have wrought such a prejudice that they can see no necessity for a change in our system of training, notwithstanding this painful, although brief exhition of its deficiencies. But we believe that the majority of the Southern people will pronounce a verdict against that education which makes no provision for the hour of trial and of poverty.

We recognize a change in their views in the higher character of the periodicals since the war. Every newspaper which we see contains something really useful and valuable. The everlasting twaddle about politics is giving place to important facts in history, in the mechanic arts, in agriculture, in morals, in philosophy, etc. With pleasure we notice that the papers, edited by soldiers of the late Confederate army, are the most in earnest in imparting information calculated to improve our condition and elevate us from our depression. We recognize the change, in the establishment of scientific schools and the springing up of agricultural journals. No purely political paper could be sustained now at the South. No other kind before the war met with a wide circulation and a generous patronage. Slavery being abolished, the people are thoroughly aroused upon the subject of scientific farming, and labor-saving machines. Our gallant old North State, though often accused of Rip Van Winkleism, has not been slow to perceive the uselessness of political essays at a time when the Jacobins will construe the most cringing submission into cowardice, and the most powerful arguments into insolence and disloyalty. Our conservative people show unmistakably, through the press, their opinion that a single practical hint to the farmer and mechanic is worth whole folios of politics. Numerous applications before all the legislatures of the South for the incorporation of industrial companies evince too a manly determination to develop our vast resources. Providence has not conferred upon us so munificently such precious gifts to be neglected or thrown away. The immense mineral riches hid in the bosom of the earth will be discovered, and made to contribute to human enjoyment.

Our harbors will be whitened with sails from all parts of the world. Our beautiful rivers, that have scarcely been ruffled hitherto by the flat-boat, will welcome to their bright waters the majestic steamer with its precious cargo. Our forests of live-oak will ring with thousands of axes, and our pine barrens will be all aglow with furnaces to supply the navies of the world. Our fisheries will supply the markets of both hemispheres. Our magnificent waterfalls, which have raised their lonely hymn in solitude to their Creator, since "the morning stars first sang together," will hear the roar of engines, the clangor of machinery, and the sound of human voices blended with their anthem of praise. It is for you to decide, O ye people of the land we love! whether by a wise adaptation of your educational training to the new order of things, all these mighty achievements will be performed by you and your children, or whether they will be committed to the hands of the alien, the stranger, and perhaps the enemy.

(*To be continued.*)

ACCEPTATION.

I.

We do accept thee, heavenly Peace!
Albeit thou comest in a guise
Unlooked for, undesired, our eyes
Welcome, through tears, the sweet release
From war, and woe, and want—surcease
For which we bless thee, holy Peace!

II.

We lift our foreheads from the dust;
And as we meet thy brow's clear calm,
There falls a freshening sense of balm
Upon our spirits. Fear—distrust—
The hopeless present on us thrust—
We'll meet them as we can, and *must!*

III.

War has not wholly wrecked us: still,
Strong hands, brave hearts, high souls are ours,
Proud consciousness of quenchless powers—
A Past, whose memory makes us thrill—
Futures uncharactered—to fill
With heroisms if we will.

IV.

Then courage, brothers! Though our breast
Feel oft the rankling thorn despair,
That failure plants so sharply there,
No pang, no pain shall be confessed:
We'll work and watch the brightening west,
And leave to God and heaven the rest!

Mrs. Margaret J. Preston.

Lexington, Va.

SNOW BOUND.

The Snow Bound. A Winter Idyll. By John Greenleaf Whittier. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1866.

THE title of this little volume indicates its subject sufficiently perhaps. It is Snow Bound, not Ice Bound, as Captain Kane was, in the Arctic regions, where icebergs, towering high as the mast of his ship, girded him round; mountains of rock-crystal, (*crystal* is literally *ice*,) gilded with all the hues of the rainbow, hemmed him in where there was no egress; and by pressing together, either threatened to squeeze up, in a great vice, both ship and men, or lifted ship and all out of the water. Not *ice-bound*, as is the hapless man who falls by chance into one of those fathomless crevices in the Alpine glaciers, beyond the reach of any help, though with a rope ten thousand toises long; but who is bound in eternal chains of frost, not to be thawed out till the "elements shall melt with fervent heat," in the fires of the final conflagration. Not *ice-bound*, like the massy Siberian mammoth on the shore of that icy sea, embedded high above the water, still preserved without putrefaction, "antediluvian beef," laid away for preservation, to show to future ages that in those days when there were *giants*, the animal race corresponded in size.

Not *ice-bound*, as the poet Horace says of the river Hebrus in Thrace, "*nivali compede vinctus*," with snowy fetters bound. Or as the great inspired poet has it, "By the breath of God frost is given, and the breadth of the waters is straitened." "The waters are hid as with a stone, and the face of the deep is frozen, (taken)."

Snow Bound, but not as the great poet of The Seasons paints the scene, which too often, alas! has been realized, when snow-flakes fly like flocks of birds; when, "hail, snow, and vapors, stormy wind, fulfill the word of Him who brings these out of his treasures; who giveth snow like wool, the hoar-frost like ashes; who casteth forth *his ice* like morsels, and none can stand before *his cold*."

Then as Thomson says—

"As thus the snows arise; and foul and fierce,
All Winter drives along the darkened air;
In his own loose revolving fields the swain
Disastered stands; sees other hills ascend,
Of unknown joyless brow; and other scenes,
Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain:
Nor finds the river, nor the forest hid
Beneath the formless wild; but wanders on
From hill to dale, still more and more astray;
Impatient flouncing through the drifted heaps;
. . . . . and down he sinks
Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,
Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,
Mixed with the tender anguish Nature shoots
Through the wrung bosom of the dying man,
His wife, his children, and his friends unseen.
In vain for him the officious wife prepares
The fire fair blazing and the vestment warm;
In vain his little children, peeping out
Into the mingling storm, demand their sire
With tears of artless innocence. Alas!
Nor wife nor children more shall he behold,
Nor friends nor sacred home. On every nerve
The deadly Winter seizes; shuts up sense;
And o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,
Lays him along the snow a stiffened corse,
Stretched out and bleaching in the northern blast."

The Snow Bound before us is in happy contrast with this distressing scene. So far from suffering, the author and his friends, the father, children, etc., were simply confined to the family mansion, housed and protected from the violence of the northern blast, when it blew ice, and none could stand before the cold; enjoying social converse and domestic endearments, in the family circle around a blazing fire—

"Of wood against the chimney-back,
The oaken log, green, huge and thick,
And on its top the stout back-stick,
The knotty forestick laid apart,
And filled between with curious art
The ragged brush;—"

Before such a fire the author tells us:

"Shut in from all the world without,
We sat the clean-winged hearth about,
Content to let the north wind roar
In baffled rage at pane and door,
While the red logs before us beat
The frost-line back with tropic heat;
And ever, when a louder blast
Shook beam and rafter as it passed,

> The merrier up its roaring draught
> The great throat of the chimney laughed.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> What matter how the night behaved?
> What matter how the north wind raved?
> Blow high, blow low, not all its snow
> Could quench our hearth-fire's ruddy glow."

About almost any transaction that comes before us, we, and every body, as well as the people "down-east," like to ask some questions: such as, who was the author and the persons most interested and concerned in it? And as it is said very truly that "geography and chronology are the two eyes of history," we want to look through both these at any matter of history; and we naturally ask *where* did an event occur, and *when* did it happen? and then, further, whether any important consequence followed it? and perhaps, too in the other direction, we inquire into the antecedent causes; for we like to trace effects back to causes.

The writer, John Greenleaf Whittier, as appears from an engraving prefixed to the volume, and from other sources, is a man about sixty years old; of a good personal appearance, one of nature's favorites, with a large, broad forehead, indicating great capacity of brain; though somewhat care-worn and weary—one you might know as the one,

> "Ingenium cui sit, cui mens divinior, atque os
> Magna sonaturum—"

"who has genius, (native talent, *poeta nascitur*,) who has a soul of a diviner cast, and greatness of expression." He is of Quaker origin, "to the manor born," on the banks of the Merrimack, and inheriting from his ancestors if not the peculiar tenets of that sect so much persecuted by the early settlers of New-England, as their extreme dislike to the doctrines of their persecutors, "The Doctor's Mail of Calvin's Creed," "the acid sect;" and naturally he would feel so when his own sect, then so much spoken against, is styled by the great author of the Magnalia, "*devil-driven heretics.*" It appears that the family continued to occupy the old mansion, where the scene of the poem is laid, for several successive generations.

And any one much conversant with the old style of building farm-houses in the Bay State and the land of "steady habits," could easily imagine what kind of an edifice it was, independent of the frontispiece, or the miniature view of the scene of the "snow-bound" family. We can see the old building, with a bold two-story front, and sliding down behind with a long roof, making, not what we would denominate "*a shed-room*," but a "*lean-to*," the profile resembling a man who has a thick head of hair cut short on his forehead, and hanging long behind, like a lady's "waterfall." It is said that in very early times, when the mothers cut their children's hair, they cut in two a pumpkin, and fitting one half of it on the head, clipped the hair by the edge of that. This style of building is according to that pattern.

In the centre is the huge chimney, built of rock, probably filling more space than any room in the house. All the fireplaces are in this, and the rooms ranged around it. The front entrance before it, the parlor at one end, the dining and sitting-room, all in one, with a great buffet in one corner, not movable, but constructed with the house, for the display of china, delft, and plate, pewter porringers, plates, and platters, brightly scoured; and with wooden trenchers nicely ranged in rows. Behind the chimney is the kitchen, not only occupying its breadth, but extending beyond it on each side sufficiently for doors to enter the parlor on the one hand, and the dining-room on the other. On each end of the kitchen, occupying with it the back or one-story part of the house, is a sleeping-room, with an entrance both from the kitchen and the front apartment. The other sleeping-rooms being above-stairs. In the "so-called" kitchen is the great fireplace, wide enough to put back-logs and fore-sticks about as long as the wood is ordinarily *sledded* in winter from the forest, with a wide-throated chimney to

carry up the surging smoke; and the large oven, with its mouth in the back of this fireplace, extending its length into the interior of the huge pile of rock, was regularly heated twice a week as hot as Nebuchadnezzar's furnace into which he cast the three young men. Here the huge loaves of brown bread, etc., were baked to supply the family half a hebdomade of days; except in some places, where on Saturdays they must have a dish of *baked beans*, to begin the Sabbath with on Saturday night at sunset. A man riding into the suburbs of a town one Sabbath morning came across Cuffee at a certain man's door chopping wood. He asked the negro if he did not know that he was breaking the Sabbath. "No," says he, "it can't be Sunday, for we did not have baked beans last night." In the back of the chimney too was suspended the trammel; and here was the *crane*, to turn back and forth to suspend the culinary utensils over the fire. The fire-place was almost large enough for a family to get around the cheerful, blazing fire in winter within and under the mantelpiece; and then by drawing up in front the high settle, a kind of a heavy seat or bench, with a back as high as a man's head, of solid boards, a family could bid defiance to frost at any degree below zero.

In such a house as this, when the storm of snow is raging without, we have a "good man," a venerable Quaker, and his better half, a Quakeress, somewhere and at some time, with an "ancient maiden" aunt without the "ancient maiden's gall," (on which side the auntship lies the author does not tell us,) but

> "The sweetest woman ever fate
> Perverse denied a household mate."

An uncle too was there, who—

> "Innocent of books,
> Was rich in lore of fields and brooks."

An elder and a younger sister too were then sojourners under that roof. The schoolmaster, too, as good fortune would have it, who, from "classic Dartmouth's college halls,"

> "Could doff at ease his scholar's gown,
> To peddle wares from town to town;
> Or through the long vacation's reach
> In lonely lowland districts teach,
> Where all the droll experience found
> At stranger hearths in *boarding round*.
> Another guest that winter night
> Flashed back from lustrous eyes the light
> Unmarked by time, and yet not young;
> The honeyed music of her tongue
> And words of meekness scarcely told
> A nature passionate and bold,
> Strong, self-concentred, spurning guide,
> Its milder features dwarfed beside
> Her unbent will's majestic pride.
> She sat among us at the best,
> A not unfeared, half-welcome guest,
> Rebuking with her cultured phrase
> Our homeliness of words and ways.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> A woman tropical, intense
> In thought and act, in soul and sense,
> She blended in a like degree
> The vixen and the devotee,
> Revealing with each freak or feint
> The temper of Petruchio's Kate,
> The raptures of Sienna's saint.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Brows saintly calm and lips devout
> Knew every change of scowl and pout;
> And the sweet voice had notes more high
> And shrill for social battle-cry."

This mysterious character, with the author and his brother, fills up the number of the *dramatis personæ* in this play of five acts on as many days and nights.

Having seen *who* were "snow-bound," we would like to know *where* such an event occurred as to furnish a theme for apparently the last, and, of course, the best, poem from the pen of one who has filled the post of editor of a gazetteer, a weekly review; who has been a member of the Legislature of Massachusetts; who published the Legends of New-England, Mog Megone, and Moll Pitcher; in some of which "he depicted with *honesty* the intolerant spirit and the superstitions of the early colonists." And who, last but not least, has been "elected *one* of the secretaries of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and many of whose best poems relate to slavery." Of which also we have notice in the poem before us, where in 1866, though slavery has been dead a year, and as cold as the snow by which he was bound, he would

> "All chains from limb and spirit strike,
> Uplift the black and white alike,
> . . . . and substitute
> For slavery's lash the freeman's will."

We would, if we could, give the locality of the poem; from itself we learn that Salisbury was "nearer home," from which we infer that it was not very remote from a town of that name. But on recurring to the Gazetteer, we find a score of places in the United States and several in the New-England States of that name. But where we find one "in Essex county, Mass.," and this is on the map near the sea-coast; and we further read,

> ——"*Nearer home* our steps he led
> Where Salisbury's level marshes spread,
> Mile wide as flies the laden bee;
> Where merry mowers, hale and strong,
> Swept scythe on scythe their swaths along
> *The low green prairies of the sea.*"

And we further remember that this is the natural and appropriate place for Salisbury, probably befitting this more than any other place of the same name in the land, for it is Salt-town, Salt-burgh.

It is said that among the Indians it is regarded as a mark of disrespect to any chief to inquire his name; it is to be presumed that when a man has performed exploits, taken scalps, and distinguished himself so much as to attain the office of *chief*, his reputation is world-wide, his fame must be heard of everywhere, and not pent up and confined by narrow limits; so that to inquire into any thing pertaining to his mighty deeds, as if he had not attained to "the first three," was an impeachment of his claims and a disparagement of him. So one who has stood before the public in New-England as an author since 1828, when he left the Latin school in Boston, and who has published so many poems on various subjects, and "has depicted the intolerant spirit of the early colonists," and has been promoted to be "*one* of the secretaries of the American Anti-Slavery Society," and "many of whose best poems relate to slavery," and "whose productions are all distinguished for manly vigor of thought and language and breathe the true spirit of liberty," such an one must be known the world over; his fame is not confined by State lines or by national boundaries; and hence not to know of course all his antecedents, and the *where* and the *when* of such a poem as the Snow Bound, without any information from the author, "argues us unknown."

A few years ago some one in Boston discovered that the western part of North-Carolina, where is the umbilicus of this part of the continent, and radiates its pure mountain streams in nearly or quite every direction, is the very centre of ignorance, the focus of darkness, the midnight of mental and moral culture, and we are in the penumbra of that total eclipse, and we expect a "hornet's nest" to be in the backwoods.

The author could not expect that a copy of the Snow Bound, fresh from the press of Ticknor and Fields, one of the "sixteenth thousand," as pure and clean as the new-fallen snow that bound him, should ever find its way into these benighted regions of "Old Rip Van Winkle;" or at any rate before it had been "sweated over," like Horace's rolls, and then sent to Ilerda in Spain, or to Utica in Africa. He would need to enlighten us first by sending

> "Freedom's young apostles,"
> "Who, following in *war's bloody trail*,"
> "Scatter before their swift advance
> The *darkness and the ignorance*,
> The pride, the lust, the squalid sloth,
> Which nurtured treason's monstrous growth,
> Made murder pastime, and the hell
> Of prison torture possible."

The growth of plants shows the quality of the soil from which they spring; and this is quite racy. Carlyle says: "The kind of speech in a man betokens the kind of action you will get from him." Men would benefit the Greeks in Greece, but neglect the Greeks at their own doors. They will get a telescope to discover objects of philanthropy and benevolence at a great distance, while those just as great at their feet are overlooked, or, when they "see them, they pass by on the other side."

We see and hear of these "apostles of liberty" in the developments made concerning the operations of

the Freedmen's Bureau in this and other States, and they are any thing but creditable to "freedom's young or old apostles."

But it is time to ask *when* did this famous Snow Bound occur which is thus immortalized by the pen and muse of the great New-England poet —to live until a greater heat than that of a summer solstice shall melt away all the ice from the Arctic and Antarctic circles and the Alpine glaciers?

A chronologer informs us that "the winter of 1638 was unusually severe;" but that of 1641 was of the severest kind. Boston Bay was a bridge of ice as far as the eye could see, and the Chesapeake also was frozen. The Indians said such a winter had not occurred in forty years. The fourteenth day of December, 1709, was supposed to be the coldest day then known in America. In February, 1717, fell the greatest snow ever known in this or perhaps in any country. It covered the lower doors of houses, so that some people were obliged to step out of their chamber-windows on snow-shoes. There was also a terrible tempest. There were very severe winters in 1738, 1740, and in that of 1779 all the rivers at the North, and even the Chesapeake Bay, were converted into bridges of ice. This was the most rigorous winter ever known in America. Long Island Sound was covered with ice, and the Chesapeake was passed with loaded carriages at Annapolis. Jan. 7, 1800, there was a great snow in Carolina and Georgia. From Dec. 20 to Feb. 1804–5, was a very severe winter.

But some may smile at the idea of a *poet's* following history—matter of fact—since, as the word means maker, "he is a curious maker known;" and with his weird wizard's wand, almost like him,

> "Whose word leaps forth at once to its effect;
> Who calls for things that are not, and they come!"

The poet can, at will, *make* a snow-storm even in summer, and send for his ice, in imagination, like morsels; but yet he is *bound* by *probabilities* and actual facts, and in his beautiful, or horrid and shocking creations, must use material ready furnished to his hand. He can not get out of the shell that incloses our mundane sphere and crawl around on the back-side to see what is there, and how they think and feel that dwell there.

The terrible snow of 1717, when it *fell to the depth*, or rather *rose to the height*, of sixteen feet, to the tops of chamber-windows, burying all cattle, sheep, etc., that were unsheltered; covering all fences and small streams, and, excepting in forests, presenting a universal ocean of snow of glittering whiteness; and when a crust was formed upon the surface, men could pass anywhere on the top of it. This made, as we may well suppose, a deep impression upon the minds of the people; and though it occurred a century and a half ago, many traditions are prevalent about it. And this is apparently the model from divine art from which, like Moses copying the pattern God showed to him in the mount when about to build the tabernacle, the poet took his copy, and formed his idea of the Snow Bound, when,

> "Around the glistening wonder bent
> The blue walls of the firmament;
> No cloud above, no earth below—
> A universe of sky and snow!"

And the inmates of the house were completely isolated from the external world; for,

> "Beyond the circle of our hearth
> No welcome sound of toil or mirth
> Unbound the spell, and testified
> Of human life and thought outside.
> We minded that the sharpest ear
> The buried brooklet could not hear,
> The music of whose liquid lip
> Had been to us companionship,
> And in our lonely life had grown
> To have an almost human tone."

This *maker* makes a harder *freeze* than Thomson in *his Winter*, where he makes

> "A crystal pavement, by the breath of heaven
> Cemented firm; till, seized from shore to shore,
> The whole imprisoned river *growls* below."

The snow-storm began on a "brief December day," of the coming of which they had a portent in a pecu-

liarly chill state of the air—"a hard, dull, bitterness of cold:"

> "The wind blew east: we heard the roar
> Of ocean on his wintry shore,
> And felt the strong pulse throbbing there
> Beat with low rhythm our inland air."

It continued all the succeeding night and day, and until the second morning shone; and, as before remarked, they were confined by the crystal walls of their prison for seven days, except that after the second morning they tunneled a way out to the barn to feed the brutes, in like manner shut up there.

During the progress of the storm, and until it clears away, the poet gives us no clue to the employments or amusements of the inmates of the house. He leaves us to suppose that they ate, and drank, and talked, and slept, and waked as Christians ought to do. But when the third night came, and

> "The moon above the eastern wood
> Shone at its full,"

they concluded to amuse themselves as well as they could in the circumstances; and in this respect the poem is properly characterized—that is, the different persons represented as being there are made to do and say what we might suppose they would in the time and circumstances:

> "We sped the time with stories old,
> Wrought puzzles out, and riddles told."

The father tells of trapping and hunting and fishing and sailing; of life in the wild woods and Indian camps, in his early days.

The mother kept her wheel going, or "run the new-knit stocking at the heel," but still could talk and tell what, of course, had made a deep impression on her mind, when "the Indian hordes came down" and made their midnight attacks upon the early settlers in their defenseless condition. She "told the story of her early days," or told some tale from "ancient tome," "of faith fire-winged by martyrdom;" perhaps not equal quite to Chaucer's Canterbury Tales.

The uncle knew and could give information all about fields and brooks; could read the clouds; was weather-wise; could tell the signs from beasts and birds; gave accounts of his exploits with rod and gun; recounted the habits of wood-chucks and musk-rats and beavers and squirrels.

The maiden aunt was young again:

> "Called up her girlhood memories,
> The huskings and the apple-bees,
> The sleigh-rides and the summer sails."

The sisters contribute nothing to the progress of the poem except to attend to domestic duties, though very tenderly spoken of, especially the latter, the younger, wasting away with disease.

But the almost beardless pedagogue made himself very interesting, by playing with the cat, at cross-pins on a hat, singing songs, telling of college scrapes, of skating by moonlight, of sleigh-rides, of blind-man's buff, of whirling plates, of playing the violin, of wrestling matches on the barn-floor, of holding the winding yarn for the good dames.

And at the hour of nine by "the bull's-eye watch," without the curfew-bell, in good old Puritan style, they cover the red brands with ashes and retire to rest. But we miss what would have been in the circumstances very appropriate—*family worship*. How beautiful it would have been, like the Cottar's Saturday Night, if, after being not only so well preserved in the intense cold, (the state of the thermometer is not given,) when many were suffering all the sad variety of woe, but they were in the enjoyment of such social converse as tends, next to communion with God, to promote our highest happiness, to see the aged patriarch, the head and priest of the family, take down the Bible and read Job ch. 37 and 38 or Ps. 147, as appropriate to show who was the Author of all atmospheric phenomena, as well as the Author and Finisher of our faith; and then, as a united family, acknowledge "our Father in heaven," praise him for his goodness, and pray for his pardon for daily sins!

The author possesses power of graphic description, so as to present pictures to the mind both in words and lines, like looking through a narrow crevice in a wall, where a wide landscape opens to view on the outside. When the storm was coming on—

"Meanwhile we did our nightly chores,
Brought in the wood from out of doors,
Littered the stalls, and from the mows
Raked down the herd's-grass for the cows;
Heard the horse whinnying for his corn;
And *sharply clashing horn on horn*,
Impatient down the stanchion-rows
The cattle shake their walnut bows.
Before the fire, the mug of cider simmered slow,
The apples sputtered in a row."

Speaking of the vanishing away of his family, in which alas! *we* can too readily sympathize with him, he says:

"Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress trees,
Who hopeless lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play!"

When he describes the level marshes,

"Where merry mowers, hale and strong,
Swept scythe on scythe, their swaths along."

We can almost see the mowers one after the other in a row, each close upon the heels of the preceding, swinging his scythe, shaving the grass from the greensward, (like as a man would shave his face smooth with a razor,) and rolling it up into a bandage. And like "the sharply clashing horn on horn" of oxen, "down the stanchion-rows," we can hear the noise of each scythe at each stroke of the mower; they are almost equal in descriptive and suggestive power to some of the famous lines of the older poets, both Greek, Latin, and English. Every one has heard Virgil's galloping steed in the line whose movement by the accents so exactly describes the sense, and conveys the idea independent of any meaning in the words:

"Quàdrupe-dànte pu-trèm soni-tù quatit-ùngula càmpum."

And Pope's beat of the drum imitated in the same way:

"Gun, drum, trumpet, blunderbuss, and thunder."

And the same poet when he carries a rock to the top of a hill, and it rolls down again; we *feel* the difficulty in the former, and see the *ease*, and velocity in the latter.

"Up the high hill he heaves a huge round stone;
The huge round stone *resulting with a bound*,
Thunders impetuous down, and smokes along
the plain."

Any one who has even heard the farmer pounding out his grain on the barn-floor by reiterated blows, will recognize the sound in Thomson's line:

"Thump after thump, resounds the constant flail."

We can see the snail moving when:

"Ten short words creep on in one dull line."

A certain writer says of Dana: "His description of natural objects may not pass before the mind with such sweet harmony, but they often present in a single line, a *whole picture* before the imagination, with a vividness and power of compression which are astonishing; for instance:

"But when the light winds lie at rest,
And on the glassy, heaving sea,
The black duck, with her glossy breast,
Sits swinging silently."

But none of these, to our view, and to the view of any one who has ever seen or *heard* the motion and peculiar sound made by a number of *hands* swinging their blades, "and the mowers whet their scythes," can exceed the description of our poet, when he says:

"Where Salisbury's level marshes spread,

Where merry mowers, hale and strong,
Swept scythe and scythe their swaths along
The low green prairies of the sea."

Nor the German, "Ganz lose, leise, kling-ling-ling," which Marsh gives in his Lectures on the English Language; nor this:

"He cracked his whip; the locks, the bolts,
Cling-clang asunder flew."

So when, the next morning, the teamsters came along to break out the road, and open a connection again with the outer world,

"Down the long hillside treading slow
We saw the half buried oxen go,
Shaking the snow from heads uptost,
Their straining nostrils white with frost.

Before our door, the straggling train
Drew up, an added team to gain,
The elders threshed their hands a-cold,
Passed, with the cider-mug, their jokes
From lip to lip; the younger folks
Down the loose snow-banks, wrestling, rolled:
Then tolled again the cavalcade

. . . . . .

From every barn a team afoot,
At every house a new recruit,
Where drawn by nature's subtlest law,
Haply the watchful young men saw
Sweet doorway pictures of the curls
And curious eyes of merry girls,
Lifting their hands in mock defense
Against the snow-ball's compliments,
And reading in each missive tost,
The charm with Eden never lost.
So days went on; a week had passed
Since the great world was heard from last."

They read their little store of books and pamphlets; one novel, the almanac, and the hymn-book, (no Bible?) when,

"At last the floundering carrier bore
The village paper to the door.

. . . . . .

We felt the stir of hall and street,
The pulse of life that round us beat;
The chill embargo of the snow
Was melted in the genial glow;
Wide swung again our ice-locked door,
And all the world was ours once more."

Taken on the whole, notwithstanding some sentiments that partake of the atmosphere of Boston on a certain dark subject, the Idyll is a gem of poetry and "a thing of beauty:" and printed and bound in the best style of one of the best houses of the "so-called" Athens of America.

THE WOOLLY HEAD; OR, OUT IN THE COLD.

A HEROIC BALLAD OF THE WAR.

Said the Senator bold
To the Senator cold,
The proud, impudent looks
Of ye kinsmen of Brooks
That oft frightened me sore
Shall ne'er frighten me more.

I'll bolt and bar you out,
Ye wrangling rebel rout,
Till your teeth ye will gnash
While I "grind you to mash."
(Goodness gracious, oh!
Bully Brooks hurt me so!)

In revenge and in spite
O'er the door will I write
Never more entrance here
For those I hate and fear,
Till they humbly bow the knee,
And no longer threaten me.

Said the Senator cold
To the Senator bold,
I never knew before,
Though it puzzled me sore.
'Twas the lick on the head,
When you lay as if dead,

That made you wildly swear
You'd eternally wear
Wool of the kinkiest down
On senatorial crown,

Lest some future bully,
Not liking souls woolly,

Should batter, bruise, and beat,
Reckless of whining bleat;
Lest some knotty cane
Should give an ugly pain
In head as well as back,
And make them both as black

As the dark heart within,
All steeped and dyed in sin.
In this the cunning lies,
And proves that you are wise,
To give the head the cover
That the soul has all over.

GENERAL CLEBURNE'S REPORT OF THE BATTLE OF CHICKAMAUGA.

HEADQUARTERS CLEBURNE'S DIVISION,
HILL'S CORPS, A. T.,
MISSIONARY RIDGE, NEAR CHATTANOOGA, TENN., Oct. 18, 1863.

COLONEL: I have the honor to report the operations of my division in the battle of Chickamauga, fought on Saturday and Sunday, the 19th and 20th of September, 1863.

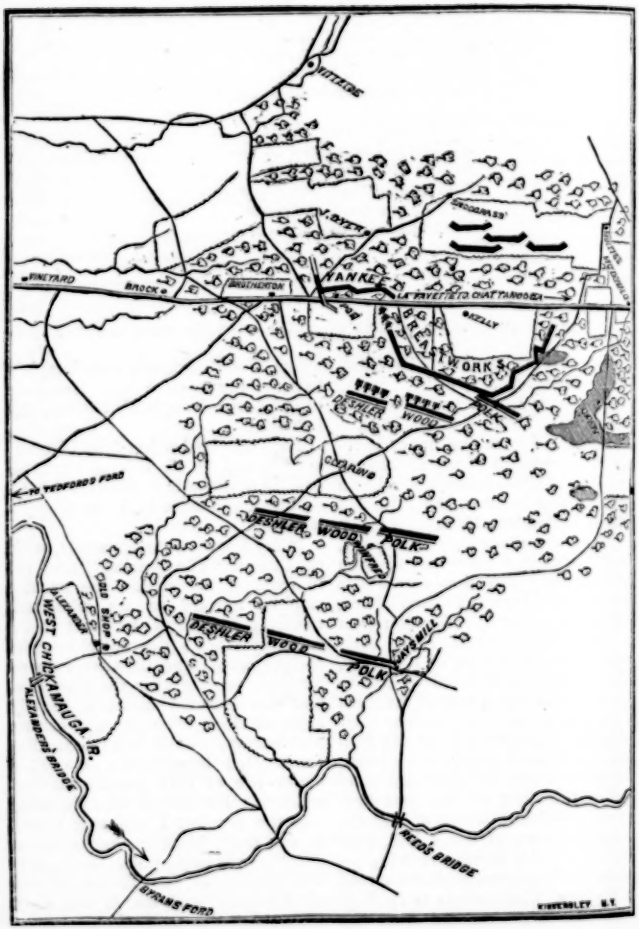
During the afternoon of Saturday, the 19th ultimo, I moved my division in a westerly direction across the Chickamauga river, at Tedford's Ford, and having received orders to report to Lieutenant-General Polk, commanding the right wing of the army, I did so, and was directed by him to form a second line in rear of the right of the line already in position. Accordingly, soon after sunset, my division was formed partly *en echelon*, and about three hundred yards in rear of the right of the first line. My right rested in front of a steam saw-mill, known as Jay's Mill, situated on a small stream, running between the Chickamauga and the road leading from Chattanooga to La Fayette. My line extended from the saw-mill almost due south for nearly a mile, fronting to the west.

Polk's brigade, with Calvert's battery, (commanded by Lieutenant Thomas J. Key,) composed my right wing; Wood's brigade, with Semple's battery, my centre; and Deshler's brigade, with Douglass's battery, my left wing.

I now received orders from Lieutenant-General D. H. Hill to advance, passing over the line, which had been repulsed, and drive back the enemy's left wing.

In my front were open woods, with the exception of a clearing (fenced in) in front of my centre, the ground sloping upward as we advanced. Ordering the brigade to direct themselves by Wood's (the centre) brigade, and preserve brigade distance, I moved forward, passing over the first line, and was in a few moments heavily engaged along my right and centre. The enemy, posted behind hastily-constructed breastworks, opened a heavy fire of both small-arms and artillery. For half an hour the firing was the heaviest I had ever heard. It was dark, however, and accurate shooting was impossible. Each party was aiming at the flashes of the other's guns, and few of the shots from either side took effect.

Major Hotchkiss (my Chief of Artillery) placed Polk's and Wood's artillery in position in the cleared field in front of my centre. Availing themselves of the noise and darkness,


VITTETOE
VINEYARD
BROCK
BROTHERTON
WANKLE'S
LA FAYETTE TO CHATTANOOGA
BRECKINRIDGE'S
WORKS
DESHLER
WOOD
POLK
DESHLER
WOOD
POLK
DESHLER
WOOD
POLK
TEDFORDS FORD
WEST CHICKAMAUGA CR.
ALEXANDERS BRIDGE
REED'S BRIDGE
SPRINGS FORD

Captain Semple and Lieutenant Key ran their batteries forward within sixty yards of the enemy's line, and opened a rapid fire; Polk pressed forward at the same moment on the right, when the enemy ceased firing, and quickly disappeared from my front.

There was some confusion at the time, necessarily inseparable, however, from a night attack. This, and the difficulty of moving my artillery through the woods in the dark, rendered a further advance inexpedient for the night. I consequently halted, and after readjusting my lines, threw out skirmishers a quarter of a mile in advance, and bivouacked.

In this conflict the enemy was driven back about a mile and a half. He left in my hands two or three pieces of artillery, several caissons, two or three hundred prisoners, and the colors of the Seventy-seventh Indiana, and those of the Seventy-ninth Pennsylvania.

At about ten o'clock next morning I received orders from Lieutenant-General D. H. Hill to advance, and dress on the line of General Breckinridge, who had been placed on my right. Accordingly, directing each brigade to dress upon the right and preserve its distance, I moved forward.

Breckinridge was already in motion. The effort to overtake and dress upon him caused hurry and some confusion in my line, which was necessarily a long one. Before the effect of this could be rectified, Polk's brigade and the right of Wood's encountered the heaviest artillery fire I have ever experienced. I was now within short canister-range of a line of log breast-works, and a hurricane of shot and shell swept the woods from the unseen enemy in my front.

This deadly fire was directed and came from that part of the enemy's breast-works opposite to my right and right-centre; the rest of my line stretching off to the left, received an oblique fire from the line of breast-works which, at a point opposite my centre, formed a retiring angle, running off towards the Chattanooga-La Fayette road behind.

The accompanying map, showing the shape of the enemy's line of works opposite my line, will explain our relative positions.

Upon reference to it, it will be seen that opposite to my right and right-centre, the enemy's works ran about a half a mile north and south, and nearly parallel to the Chattanooga-La-Fayette road, which was about three hundred yards behind; that at a point opposite my centre his works formed, as before stated, a retiring angle, running in a westerly and somewhat oblique direction to the Chattanooga-La-Fayette road; and that at a point nearly opposite my right, his works formed another retiring angle, running back also to the road.

My right and right-centre, consisting of Polk's brigade and Lowry's regiment of Wood's brigade, were checked within one hundred and seventy-five yards of the advance part of this position of the enemy's works, and the rest of the line were halted in compliance with the order previously given to dress upon the right.

Passing towards the left at this time, I found that the line of advance of my division, which was the left of the right wing of the army, converged with the line of advance of the left wing of the army, the flanks of the two wings had already come into collision—part of Wood's brigade had passed over Bates' brigade of Stewart's division, which was the right of the left wing; and Deshler's brigade, which formed my left, had been thrown out entirely, and was in rear of the left wing of the army. I ordered Wood to move forward the remainder of his brigade, opening at the same time in the direction of the enemy's fire with Semple's battery.

That part of Wood's brigade to the left of Lowry's regiment, and to the left of the southern angle of the breast-works, in its advance at this time entered an old field bordering

the road, (Chattanooga-La-Fayette,) and attempted to cross it in the face of a heavy fire from works in its front. It had almost reached the road, its left being at Poe's house, (known as the Burning House,) when it was driven back by a heavy oblique fire of small arms and artillery, which was opened upon both its flanks; the fire from the right coming from the south face of the breastworks, which was hid from view by the thick growth of scrub-oaks bordering the field. Five hundred men were killed and wounded by this fire in a few minutes. Upon this repulse—Lowry's regiment having also in the meantime been forced to retire—I ordered the brigade still further back to re-form; Semple's battery, which had no position, I also ordered back.

I now moved Deshler's brigade by the right flank, with the intention of connecting it with Polk's left, so filling the gap left in my centre by the withdrawal of Wood. This connection, however, I could not establish, as Polk's left had, in its turn, been also driven back. Finding it a useless sacrifice of life for Polk to retain his position, I ordered him to fall back with the rest of his line; and with his and Wood's brigade, I took up a strong defensive position some three or four hundred yards in rear of the point from which they had been repulsed. Deshler's brigade had moved forward towards the right of the enemy's advanced works, but could not go beyond the crest of a low ridge, from which Lowry had been repulsed. I therefore ordered him to cover himself behind the ridge, and hold his position as long as possible.

His brigade was now *en echelon* about four hundred yards in front of the left of the rest of the division, which here rested for some hours.

In effecting this last disposition of his command, General Deshler fell—a shell passing fairly through his chest. It was the first battle in which this gentleman had the honor of commanding as a general officer. He was a brave and efficient one. He brought always to the discharge of his duty a warm zeal and a high conscientiousness. The army and the country will long remember him.

At about half-past three o'clock P. M. I received orders from Lieutenant-General Polk to move forward on a line with my left, (Deshler,) connecting my right with Jackson's brigade, and when I had formed my line to remain and hold the position. I accordingly advanced with my centre and right wing, drove in the enemy's skirmishers, and found his line behind the works from which he had repulsed us in the morning. The left wing of the army had been driving the enemy; the right wing now attacked, Lieutenant-General Polk ordering me to advance my heavy batteries, and open on the enemy. Captain Semple, my acting chief of artillery, (Major Hotchkiss, my Chief of Artillery, being disabled by a wound received the day before,) selected positions in front of the line, and placed his own and Douglass' batteries within two hundred yards of the enemy's breast-works, and opened a rapid and most effective fire, silencing immediately a battery which had been playing upon my lines. About the same time Brigadier-General Polk charged, and soon carried, the north-western angle of the enemy's works, taking in succession three lines of breast-works. In this brilliant operation he was materially aided by Key's battery, and towards its close by Douglass' battery, which had again been moved by my orders to my extreme right, where it was run into position by hand.

A large number of prisoners (regulars) was here captured. The enemy abandoned his works, and retired precipitately. Brigadier-General Polk pursued to the Chattanooga-La-Fayette road, where he captured another piece of artillery. I here received directions from Lieutenant-General D. H. Hill to halt my command until further orders.

I can not close this report without an acknowledgment of distinguished

services rendered by various officers and men, which would otherwise pass unnoticed.

I have already incidentally called attention to the gallant conduct of Brigadier-General Polk; but it is due to him and the country, which wishes to appreciate its faithful servants, to say, that to the intrepidity and stern determination of purpose of himself and men, I was principally indebted for the success of the charge on Sunday evening, which drove the enemy from his breast-works, and gave us the battle.

Colonel Mills also is entitled to be remembered. Leading his regiment through the battle until the fall of his brigadier—the lamented Deshler—he was called by seniority to command the brigade, which he did with gallantry and intelligence.

To my Staff-Major, Calhoun Benham, A. A. G., (who received a contusion on the right shoulder from a grape-shot or fragment of shell.)

Captain Irving A. Buck, A. A. G., (whose horse was shot under him;) Major Joseph K. Dixon, Assistant Inspector-General; Captain B. F. Phillips, Assistant Inspector-General; Lieutenant J. W. Jetton, Aid-de-Camp and Acting Assistant Inspector-General; Major T. R. Hotchkiss, Chief of Artillery, (who received a wound from a Minnie ball in the foot on Saturday, which deprived me of his valuable services afterwards;) Captain Henry C. Semple, who replaced Major Hotchkiss as Chief of Artillery when disabled; Captain C. F. Vanderford, Chief of Ordnance; Lieutenant L. H. Mangum, Aid-de-Camp; and Lieutenant S. P. Hanly, Aid-de-Camp, (who received a contusion from a grape-shot,) I am indebted for the faithful and indefatigable manner in which they performed these vital, though perhaps not showy duties, throughout these operations.

Major T. R. Hotchkiss, Chief of Artillery; Captain Semple, with his battery; and Lieutenant Thomas J. Key, commanding Calvert's battery, rendered invaluable service, and exhibited the highest gallantry, on Saturday night, in running their pieces up, as they did, within sixty yards of the enemy. In this they were ably sustained by Lieutenant Richard Goldthwaite, of Semple's battery. Here Major Hotchkiss received his wound.

Captain Semple also displayed skill and judgment as Acting Chief of Artillery, particularly in the selection of a position for his own and Douglass' batteries, on Sunday evening, which gave an oblique fire upon the enemy in his works, contributing to the success of the final charge by Polk's brigade.

Captain O. S. Palmer, A. A. G. of Wood's brigade, was conspicuous for his coolness and attention to duty on the field, and has my thanks.

I am much indebted also to Dr. D. A. Linthicum, Chief Surgeon of my division. The completeness of his arrangements, his careful supervision of subordinates, both on the field, under fire, and elsewhere, and in the hospitals, secured our gallant wounded prompt attention, and all the comforts and alleviation of pain attainable in the exigencies of battle.

Surgeon A. R. Erskine, then Acting (now actual) Medical Inspector of my division, rendered most efficient service.

Assistant-Surgeon Alfred B. De Loach particularly distinguished himself by his unselfish devotion, going repeatedly far forward under fire, and amongst the skirmishers, to attend the wounded.

James P. Brady and Melvin L. Overstreet, privates in the Buckner Guards, (my escort, specially detailed to attend me throughout the battle,) went with me wherever my duty called me. Brady was wounded in the hand; Overstreet had his horse shot.

To Captain C. F. Vanderford, my Chief of Ordnance, my thanks are specially due. His trains were always in the best order and in the most acceptable position, and to his care in this respect I am indebted for a prompt supply of ammunition in every critical emergency which arose.

I carried into action on Saturday the 19th, five thousand one hundred and fifteen (5115) officers and men; four thousand eight hundred and seventy-five (4875) bayonets. On Sunday, the 20th, I carried in four thousand four hundred and thirty-seven (4437) bayonets.

In the two days my casualties were two hundred and four (204) killed, fifteen hundred and thirty-nine (1539) wounded, six (6) missing—making in all one thousand seven hundred and forty-nine (1749.)

Respectfully,

P. R. CLEBURNE,
Major-General.

To Lieut.-Col. ARCHER ANDERSON,
A. A. Gen. D. H. HILL's Corps.

LINES DEDICATED TO THOSE WHO HAVE BEEN SOUTHERN SOLDIERS.

BY A SOUTHERN LADY.

How different are these seasons from the ones so lately past!
When with the summer's burning heat, and winter's "surly blast,"
Came thoughts, unbidden, to our minds, of those we loved so well,
On whom alike the chilling rain and scorching sunbeam fell;
When, sitting nightly at our work, our thoughts kept ling'ring round
"The soldier in his blanket, in his blanket on the ground;"
Or, listening with sad heart-throbs, to the hoarse wind murmuring low,
We wept about "the soldier in his blanket on the snow;"
And still remembering in our prayers, their perils night and day,
We prayed for God's best blessing on the soldiers far away.
Those days are past so long away, that now their mem'ry seems
A strange, confused, unreal thing, like scenes we see in dreams,
And now though sad the thoughts may be from those past days that come,
We have *one* thing to thank God for—the soldier *safe at home.*
Ay, though we know that breaking hearts are mourning for their dead,
And weeping many bitter tears o'er days forever fled,
Yet many too, are giving thanks that some who long did roam,
Though scarred by many a wound and bruise, at last are safe at home.
From those they love, youth's merriment may be forever flown,
Their home it may be ruined—yet still it is *their own.*
Now, though the war is done at last, and hushed the cannon's roar,
We can't forget the soldiers for whose weal we prayed before;
In every grief and trial sore, perplexity and loss,
Oh! may they flee for shelter to the shadow of the Cross;
And when life's warfare's o'er at last, and death's discharge shall come,
Oh! may these soldiers be received into a *heavenly* home!

June, 1866.

ROAD-SIDE STORIES.

THE reception-room where I awaited the cars was lonely, and I was glad to hear steps in the hall coming that way. Traveling arouses all the curiosity in my nature; I lose myself in vague wanderings about this or that person; not idle prying, I trust, but an expanding interest in the joys and sorrows of my fellow-creatures. The footsteps were those of a woman, and I straightway fell to wondering what manner of creature would appear. Fantasias in verse and song to the unseen flocked to my busy brain, to fly like frightened birds before the presence of the odd-looking little old woman, who stood in the entrance for a few seconds with that hesitating air of untraveled persons, and quickly found for herself and bundles the most unobtrusive spot in the room. A thin, sallow boy followed with an idiotic air and odd maneuvers. I am a polite man by nature as well as training, so I stirred the fire, and invited her nearer it, as I marked an occasional shiver under a threadbare shawl. "Thank you, sir; come, Davy!" The tone was pleasant, the fire likewise, for her timid manner fled before its sparkle, and my companion proved rather agreeable than otherwise to look upon, with her restless eyes, under a white ruffled cap, surmounted by a well taken care of, but exceedingly worse for the wear bonnet, and a clean checked, homespun dress, just meeting the tops of a pair of stout shoes. Even the threadbare shawl had an air of doing its best, however little that might be. Several remarks passed relative to the belated trains, dreadful state of the roads, etc. Traveling seemed a new thing; and from the brisk manner in which its disadvantages were set forth for my edification, a fear arose that I was going to be bored. Now, if there is one kind of bore who possesses superior qualifications to another in this particular, it is the ungrammatical bore; the difference is as marked as between a well-polished gimlet and a rusty auger. The tidy old lady was very intelligent by nature, but several errors had struck my sensitive ear, and brought conviction that the weather and cars might be enlarged upon disagreeably; thereon I grew communicative myself, and after a roundabout dissertation on these already exhausted subjects, remarked that I was affected by an uncomfortable drowsiness, rose with a yawn, drew on my army overcoat, settled myself for the night, and advised her to do the same. The two left to themselves talked in a low tone; the boy was evidently her son, and I was touched by her tenderness in many simple ways. She made him take off his jacket, turn it round and round before the fire, took sewing materials from an emaciated pocket-book, darned a place here and there holding it up with an air of satisfaction. It was one of the gray jackets we were all wearing then, like the one I had on, only his was worn almost white with faded blue trimmings, while mine was so much better I could not resist holding up an arm by way of contrast, breathing a blessing on the mother who made it, and the sister who had so cheerfully given up her pretty opera-cloak for the facings of brother's new uniform; but the contrast was painful unless I had owned another jacket to give the boy, so I pulled my cape over the bright red cuff, and wished I had on my old one. Watching the faces before me, hearing her suppressed tones and his silly chuckle, I dozed away and could have slept had it not been for steps sounding again in the hall. The clerk of the house came in with such a flourish, confound him! that Morpheus fled amazed from my couch. I wanted to collar and choke him, not for waking me up solely—that was an aggravating circumstance, but not the exciting cause of my indig-

nation. I remembered the shabby old lady found her way in alone, while a fashionable, handsomely-attired young lady was ushered in with all that parade and needless ceremony so annoying to real gentility. I argued, the one is rich, the other poor — sometimes I hate wealth, it narrows so many hearts and cracks so many brains! Resentment against the younger, in behalf of the elder lady, filled my breast. I hated the former before I looked at her; indeed I would not vouchsafe a glance from under my old slouched hat to one who had suddenly grown rich, and fancied herself in position by possession of a few dollars. I knew she was one of that class by the rustle of her sweeping dress. Bah! the fool! I muttered in my chivalric defense of the silent representative of poverty, who, I fancied, was already enduring heroically the arrogance of a "parvenu." A ripple of a laugh fell among my thoughts, a pleasant sound of itself, and for another reason—in the solemn earnestness of warfare men and women laughed seldom, it was chiefly little children who could laugh as in the olden time. Before I was quite aware of my intentions, I raised the brim of my hat to look at that face, while the shine of a laugh lay on it. A glance was enough to remove all preconceived ideas of the lovely woman before me. I called myself a fool as heartily as I had called her one. "Parvenu," indeed! How refined in style, how delicate in manner! Had the other been wife and heir at law to Crœsus, she could not have found a more attentive listener. My aforesaid curiosity manifested itself in the most vehement manner—what if the train came before I divined whether that soul was as fair as the body! Were those eyes as honest as bright? Was that hair God's glorious crowning, or a "switch," held on with curious frettings of spikes and pins? Was it a dimple or shadow on that faultless chin? Were those roses on lip and cheek to the manor born, or parasites? At this juncture I wondered if she was married or single; strangely enough, the conversation grew suddenly interesting and important. I found myself wide awake at the next remark, which, singularly too, replied to my speculations. "Yes, ma'am; my husband," said the red lips proudly. It was a sweet word, sweetly spoken; I never thought so before, nevertheless it ruffled my composure; this may have risen from a commendable fear that she may not have been happily married; however, a resolution was offered and adopted to hate her husband, modified only by a providing clause that the man could give satisfactory evidence of his fitness to stand in that relation. This was a cool, sensible proceeding, and I gave myself due credit for disinterestedness in my devotion to the sex; at the same time acknowledging my capacity for hating or loving, men or women, suddenly and fervently, on the slightest provocation. That I was just to the lady's husband was evident to any observer. Why was she traveling alone? He was doubtless an idle, drunken skulker from the army; or why that wistful sadness that flitted now and then from those lustrous eyes? Possibly she might think well of the scapegrace, or might not; in either event it was furthermore resolved, that if he intruded himself in our midst, and offered the slightest indignity, stranger as I was it should be resented. I might restrain my rage until I whirled him out of her presence, but it was doubtful, very doubtful indeed! Don Quixote could not have been by half so crest-fallen in his famous retreat from the windmills, as I after this desperate onslaught against the missing husband. I discovered myself a fool beyond a shadow of disputation when I heard her say: "We have all suffered, but my husband still lives, thank God!" It occurred to me at that moment more might be said than either lady would desire me to hear; and, with all my interest in others, I wish to know nothing of

the penetralia of a human soul, which is not voluntarily given to my keeping.

I arose, and replenished the dying fire, for which I was repaid by looks of gratification from my companions; even the boy giggled in his sleep, and carried his hands to and from the fire to his mouth, as if the flames were food. Naturally, as it came to us all in those days, the war was our theme. Men and women could not sit silently together then, when all held hands in the game whose stake was life or death! The devotion of our women, especially, and their heroic sacrifices, I enlarged upon. "Still," I continued, "there are instances rare, I grant, where avarice has laid violent hands on the hearts of women as well as men." "There are dreadful necessities forced on us now," returned the young lady.

"Necessities? Would you call selling a draught of water to a thirsty man a necessity? Would you think water could be bartered and sold?" queried I.

"No, there's no excuse for that, none!" she added warmly. The old lady began to speak and checked herself, laying her wrinkled hand on Davy's restless fingers.

"It *has been done*, I bought it, and I grieve to say, a woman sold it," I repeated sorrowfully.

"What? Where?" ejaculated both voices simultaneously.

"Ten miles from Corinth, Miss., at a cabin-door." The old lady interrupted me with a deprecatory gesture and a flood of tears. "Pardon me, dear madam," said I eagerly.

"Forgive me, O forgive me!" she pleaded. "It was all along of poor Davy, all for poor, hungry Davy!"

The other lady joined me in entreaties that she would spare herself the recital of such unhappy memories, but she would speak, and this was the way she told her story.

"I must tell you why I sold the water, it does me good here," putting her hand to her throat. "I wanted to tell when the soldiers took it from my hand, but the words choked me and would never come. I was afraid they'd judge me hard and am glad to tell. It is not very long, sir, in words, but some days would stretch themselves out into years, just like I've seen the little saplings throw long shadows across my yard when the sun was sinking down. My old man was dead, I was a widow when my Davy here was a bit of a shaver, toddling around alone. I lived in a nice little home, not fine as yours, ma'am, but you know the old saying, 'A rich man's castle's no dearer than the poor man's cot.' He was handy with his hammer and plane, and we knocked about it inside and out, until when fine folks passed that way, they'd say, 'What a snug little cottage!' And little it was to be sure, but then it was mine, and it's the best of all good feelings to know a thing is a body's own; then again, after my husband died, it was all the dearer for the sake of him that built it. We three lived there then, Matty, Davy and me. Well, after a while Matty grew up and married, left me and her brother until when the war came, she come back to us, saying, 'I've come back home, mother, it's so dark over at my house when John is gone.' Poor thing! It never got light again, for John never set foot in the door any more! Two widows lived and worked together, bearing the same hard pain. We didn't have time to sit down and cry in idleness, for if there was no more soldier clothes to make for John, there was plenty more, who had no mother, sister, nor wife to work for 'em, and we hadn't the heart to stand by and see 'em go off, without helping them on. Most of my work was spinning and knitting, on account of failing eyes; but Matty's tears fell day after day over as many a pretty web of cloth as you ever laid your eyes on; they was none the uglier for that. Davy stirred in the large chair, but lay back again docile as an infant under her touch, and her oft-repeated whisper of 'Hush, Davy dear!' I saw something was the matter with him, the great eyes across the hearth

exchanged glances with mine and rested on him pityingly. Well, we worked on, every body was working, rich and poor, and we wouldn't be outdone by nobody, if we did have heavy hearts; for that manner, every body's hung heavy, but it was all for duty, and you know there's no choice in that. My Matty was brave as any body. When John went off, he looked back and saw her smiling, and kissing her little brown hands at him; but when he was clear out of her sight, she fell down as still as the dead. Then she come home next day, light of tongue and hands and feet to hide the aching for my sake, like she hid it for his. Ah me! It's the first lesson and the last, and it comes easy to us all to hide the hardest achings from them we love, and laugh when they step on the hiding-place, to keep 'em from finding it.

"Old folks take no notice of how time slips off. When I wasn't thinking of Davy as nothing but a stripling he comes to me one day and tells me the 'Time was come for him to go.' 'Where,' says I, 'my son?' 'To fight for you and Matty.' My old heart fell, for he was my baby, but I just said, 'Davy, you are too young.' 'But, mother,' he kept on, 'who learnt me we was never too young to do right, when we knew the right way?' He didn't look then like he does now, poor Davy! And I was so proud of my boy, he was a mighty child for learning, and found so many better ways of saying things than I did, that he worked me up to thinking his way; but it was pitiful to see him go, he was so young and tender. When he walked out of the door in his proud way of stepping, with his musket on his shoulder, I got old all of a sudden, and it come to my mind how Abraham laid his Isaac on the altar, and I prayed it might go well with me and my baby as it went with him and his; but with all the hoping and praying, I went weak and tottering the whole winter long. Then another aching come for Matty's sake. Her father died of a cough, and folks used to say she looked like him; but I never thought so, until she took to coughing the same hollow way. I tried to make her careful of it, but she loved to work; since John was dead and Davy gone, she loved it more and more. She used to say, 'Young hands is fitter for work than old ones, mother, and it makes trouble lay lighter for them that's gone, to work for them that's here.' Then again she'd say, 'Let me work, it feels like I was standing guard in his place.' I knew what she meant, and she'd work with all her might, like she stood at the head of a regiment, leading our boys to glory! We got along very well, thank God, until the cavalry got to dashing round. The stock, gardens, fields, barns, and houses suffered where they went, people got to leaving their homes, for homes wasn't homes any more and women wasn't safe to stay at 'em. There was a running to and fro like the prophet said would come, but, eh Lord! I couldn't make my mind to leave my home until I was called to the Father's mansion in the skies. The way they did would make me mighty mad, but I never said much until they killed my cows, then I give 'em a piece of my mind. 'Matty,' I'd say, 'that's what I call stealing.' 'Why, mother,' she'd say, 'it's capturing!' Sometimes when I couldn't laugh with her, she'd tell me, 'Never fret, mother dear, if Davy comes back safe they can't make us poor.' And then the tender-hearted thing would speak up for the raiders, saying, 'They must be hungry men, and may be they don't know it's widows they are taking from.' 'Hungry, indeed!' says I, 'do you reckon they'll eat that dress of yours, and my shawl, and the coffee-mill, and the saddle, and—' She'd put her hand over my mouth, and I'd quiet down and say, 'If they'd come and ask me, I'd give and welcome, according to the Scripture, and for Him that tells us to love our enemies.' 'But mother,' she'd keep on, 'we'll try to think kinder of 'em; there's men that's mad and blind rushing 'em on us, and it an't one half that knows

what for.' Not that she hadn't as much pluck as me, for when she saw a wrong done, her cheeks would turn like sun-red peaches, and her eyes flash sparks like my old man's anvil, but she'd grown so serious and forgiving in her ways. She'd often say, 'Ah! mother. it an't for long any how. I'll go to father and John, and Davy will come back a man to take care of you.' I'd try to keep dark, but my fears was great, there used to be stains under her eyes for two or three hours every day, and then they'd fade out white as lint, leaving my heart aching and aching, worse and worse for the day that was sure to come. I thought she worked too much, and took to doing all I could in her place, she'd cry, and say, 'It hurts me worse than weaving to see you work, mother.' One day I went off to look up work, and get her physic from the hospital, when I come back she was lying on the trundle-bed, so tired she didn't even know the sun was shining through the window on her shut-up eyes. My Matty was likely, and likelier than ever when she was sleeping. I laid my bundle down and sat watching her while I rested, we was growing closer and closer to each other in them sad days. I begun to feel gentle and watchful over her as though she was a little one at my breast. I knew she was going fast, and I felt like every minute away from her was wasting time, she'd so soon be gone. I crept close and kissed her soft, thinking not to wake her; but she started up scared and laughed at her weak trembly ways, and her sleeping like a grand lady in the daytime, until she coughed so hard, I made out I was too serious to hear her pretty voice, and talked myself to keep her quiet, in my anxious way, about the times being so hard, and every thing getting from bad to worse over the country. I was fearing we'd have to leave the old place after all, or suffer for our bread. I was low-hearted in my ways, and she was hoping in hers, like her father was. She put her arm round me and talked on, while she smoothed my hair away under my cap with her little fingers, making me ashamed that an old woman like me, should be learning faith in God out of her own child's mouth, when it ought to have been me teaching and she learning. Long weeks went by in the same way of working and talking light for each other's sakes, when a day come that looked a little brighter than the rest, and we thanked God for the sun and the blue sky. Matty had got so she could not stand about much, and the old chair sat by the window every day, holding her in its ragged arms. She always had a pretty way of talking and she sat there with her eyes looking a long way off, as if she learnt all her sweet words from the sky. This time she said softly, 'Mother, I don't blame the boys for fighting for Dixie, it is such a beautiful land! I used to think it was prettier than heaven when John was here.' The sun was shining, and I thought when I followed her eyes out of the window, that if all the blood that was flowing was to flow in vain, the living would be slaves and only the dead men free! A shadow fell across the door and I knew it was Davy's. Matty sprang past me, and turned back. I stopped and looked, then we fell into each other's arms like two dead women! It was Davy, but not the Davy that went away, he was a boy, and this was an old man's face that laughed in ours, and threw his bony arms about, crying, 'I'm so hungry! so hungry!' We kissed each other, and then rose to kiss him, but he bit my face until I screamed and fell back shuddering with pain, and afraid to look that way again. Matty led him to the hearth; the old chair and the clock and my wheel seemed to stir his heart, for he wasn't so wild, and looked around laughing as if he knew it was home, but it was a foolish laughing that hurt our hearts, and we knew he never was to be right-minded any more. I needn't name the place where he had been, for Davy can hear it in his sleep, and then there's no calming my poor daft

boy, and when I see him in his worst ways, I think I lose myself and say too bitter things of them I'm trying hard to forgive. He's forever dreaming he's hungry, waking or sleeping, and never knows he's got enough. It's a hard thing for a mother to look on, and know it will never pass away! Matty and I couldn't smile any more, we'd look at each other with wet faces and still tongues, sometimes there wouldn't be a word spoke in that house all day long, but, 'I'm so hungry! so hungry!' We didn't look up often, it was so hard to see a skeleton sitting on the floor, laughing at the specks floating through his fingers to the light, or eating forever and ever, whether any thing lay before him or not; you think it's a sad sight now, but it was a sadder one then for I had nothing but bread some days to put in his hands. I was afraid he'd eat the flesh off mine or Matty's when we'd give it to him. I couldn't leave them by themselves to hunt for work, and it was only the little I had hid from the raiders that was left to live on. God knows how long it was, for we lost the count of weeks and months, and knew nothing but day and night until Davy's words seemed to eat our lives away! To pray and sleep was all the comfort we had, except loving each other more and more every day. One night I woke smelling fire, and Matty was coughing like she'd choke to death. O my God! I had a hard shaking ague with the hot flames leaping round me, and not a minute to save any thing but our lives, that was awful; but when I saw the black savages yelling outside, I'm an old woman and a strong one, but I fell against the wall with the horror on me! Matty led me and Davy out like children, the weak was strong in them days, and she knelt down with the flames flashing on her face and prayed to God to save us, and He did, for when they came near her, more than mortal strength was in her hands, and they shrunk off afraid she was so death-like and beautiful! We never asked black nor white for any thing; we was too proud, and we walked away, glad to leave the horrible sights and sounds and to get Davy where he wouldn't laugh so wild in our ears. The weather had turned bitter cold and though the sun had shone on the snow the day before, it lay sharp and white under our bare feet. I can shut my eyes now and see Matty leading the way in her white gown like a spirit. We walked awhile and rested awhile all night and the next day, and the next night we huddled together by a fallen tree and slept. Next morning we come to the cabin you told of, sir, and felt safe when we found it was close to our own soldiers. I got something to eat and work to pay for it from them, many a one helped me along by a kind word when he'd nothing else to give, but my poor girl never got over that night's sleep in the snow. Her eyes sunk deeper and deeper, the blood stole up from her heart and down from her cheeks, and one night I heard it gurgling through her lips, and rose up to see my darling die. I held her close to the fire, and tried to warm her cold hands in my bosom. She smiled and raised 'em up slow and tried to smooth my hair down, in her old way, but they fell round my neck and I leaned my face down to hers, it hung so heavy with the aching. I couldn't wake Davy, he'd a laughed, and I'd never heard her whispering, 'Mother! mother! There's no more hunger nor thirst, nor any more sorrow there!' It was 'mother! mother!' to the last, till I felt Death unlock her slender fingers from my neck and we fell back in the darkness. Davy woke me up in the morning, laughing and running his bony hands over his dead sister's face. I couldn't leave her there with him, I was afraid he'd bite her white cheeks, so I buried her without a coffin, and dug the grave myself. If her sweet lips could have spoke, I knew she'd say, 'Never mind, mother, it's only Matty's old dress you are laying by, she's got a new one up in heaven!' Thinking of the

things she used to say, I took comfort from her silent face, laid the earth on it soft as any kisses, and come away to live for Davy. I knew there was many a one willing to help, but I couldn't go to find 'em, and there was no passing in and out of Corinth until orders was given to leave. When the soldiers scattered from the main body, hunting for water, they found me in my door, weak and sick of starvation; there was a few handfulls of parched corn left, but I couldn't eat a grain, fearing my boy 'd go wild for the want of it, any more than I could beg the men for their bread. To them that had the money I sold water, and give it to the next that come for part of their rations. It was all I could do until we eat enough to get strength to come away. The well give out in a short time and then we staggered off and left Matty all alone by the roadside. It's there I'm going now, for we found friends to help us along, and God has dealt kindly with me and Davy, he an't so wild-like since he's got better to eat than bread. A heap of the old settlers has gone back I hear, and if I can earn enough to build a cabin by the side of Matty's grave, I'll stay there until we're called to meet father and Matty and John."

I sat still in the dim light of morning, and saw a fair, smooth hand, and a wrinkled hard one clasped together in sisterhood of grief and tenderness. The boy gazed about vacantly, eating an imaginary meal with claw-like fingers, and muttering in painful childishness, "I'm so hungry! so hungry!" These were the only sounds, until we three bowed our heads and wept together. The trains came at last—the old lady was going westward, and as the cars moved slowly past under the shed, I saw another handkerchief beside mine wave a blessing. Something flew in my eyes just then, it may have been a cinder, for it passed away as I raised my hat in answer to a smile of recognition from the beautiful face that had been my "*vis-a-vis*" across the hearth in the wayside hotel. We all have our stories, she had hers, but you are tired, my friend.

Good night!

THE TENTH OF MAY.

Oh! shed not a tear o'er the hero who died
When the flag of his country was flying;
But scatter with lilies and roses the grave
Where he slumbers in glory undying.
He knew not the sorrow the conquered must feel,
The grief of a fruitless endeavor,
The heart-breaking pang when the struggle was o'er,
And that banner was folded forever.
Keep tears for the nation that conquered and ruined,
Can lay o'er its heroes no tablets of stone;
But writes every one on the true heart of woman,
Whose soldiers though nameless are never unknown.

Oh! then let us make a fragrant oration,
In honor of Jackson the tenth of each May,
And with roses that bloomed when the hero lay dying,
Scatter the graves of his comrades that day.
Thus shall their memory like spring-time forever
Be embalmed in the perfume of flowers;
And their graves to the hearts of our children unborn
Be as dear as they now are to ours.

With these as their tombstones the nameless shall lie,
In the shadow of Jackson's great glory,
While THE LAND THAT WE LOVE, our deeds shall record
In the annals of song and of story.

MRS. M. B. CLARKE.

ADELE ST. MAUR.

CHAP. XVI.

THERE was a fine organ in the old chapel at Castle Inglis, and every morning almost at day-break, at least just at sun-rise, Adele was awakened by the distant pealing of the morning hymn, as the waves of sound vibrated upon the air. The morning prayer was always at sun-rise, in obedience to the will of an old lord of the castle, who had, more than five centuries ago, bequeathed a sum to be set apart, which his heirs could never touch, and the interest of which was to be devoted to the support of a chaplain, "on condition," so runs the quaint old codicil, "that the said chaplain do always celebrate the praise of the most High God at the rising of the sun, both in summer and winter; for I would not that any lazy, idle priest should officiate in the chapel which I have builded. But let him be about his work betimes, for he may follow the devil from the rising of the sun unto the going down thereof, and *never overtake him.*"

We suppose the good old lord foresaw the degeneracy of the times, and also the impoverishment of his own family, and thus provided, that, come what would, a chaplain should not be wanting in his ancestral hall; and that he should rise betimes to his duty — and that his closing remark meant that, of all men, the clergy should be most alive to the great and pressing importance of the work they had to do.

Adele determined to get up in time for the morning service, for those distant, sacred notes which awakened her morning after morning seemed ever to reproach her with self-indulgence and indifference to the worship of God. But she was obliged to dress herself, for nothing would have induced her maid, Martin, to rise at day-break. Yet it displeased Martin sorely to find her young lady had risen and dressed without her assistance—she felt that she was not doing her duty. "So much trouble for nothing" she muttered to herself, after going to Adele's room, and finding she had gone to the chapel, "and all along of that heathenish old Ronald, laird of Inglis, as they call him. I am sure if he had been a Christian, he never would have made such a heathenish will. People could say their prayers just as well at a more comfortable hour, I should think—but Scotch will be Scotch," and with this spiteful moral Martin proceeded to arrange the disordered wardrobe, which showed plainly how much trouble the young lady had had in finding her own things and making her own toilette.

Adele was surprised to find her cousin Alfred and Mr. Molyneux both in the chapel. She wondered if they came every morning; but noticing that Alfred's recently awakened eyes were directed with a peculiar expression toward the organ loft, she looked up; it was Sarah Benjamin, whose delicate fingers drew forth the swelling harmony which rolled through the darkened oaken arches of Ronald's chapel, and uniting with the morning matins of the birds without, trembled through all the dewy air, and seemed to diffuse a sacred fragrance around the precincts for the rest of the day. A lame minstrel, named Nigel M'Clester, was usually the organist. The servants, not a very nu-

merous band, were all assembled in the chapel, and Adele thought of the olden time, when the armed retainers of the feudal lord filled the now vacant seats. Andrew loved to dwell upon the glory of that ancient time, when, with clanging arms, brave men knelt here:

> "Men who were sheathed in steel,
> With belted sword and spur on heel."

Adele had frequently been in the chapel, but in this pure, cool morning light, it looked like some new locality. The architecture was very beautiful:

> "The darkened roof rose high aloof
> On pillars lofty and light and small;
> The keystone that locked each ribbed aisle,
> Was a fleur-de-lys, or a quartre-feuille;
> The corbels were carved grotesque and grim;
> And the pillars with clustered shafts so trim
> With base and with capital flourished around—
> Seemed bundles of lances which garlands had bound.
>
> The sun on the east oriel shone,
> Through slender shafts of shapely stone,
> By foliaged tracery combined;
> Thou wouldst have thought some fairy's hand,
> 'Twixt poplars straight the osier wand,
> In many a freakish knot had twined;
> Then framed a spell when the work was done,
> And changed the willow wreaths to stone."

And Molyneux thought that the golden-haired, blue-eyed Adele was a fit personation of the fairy builder, and surrounded as she was with this beauty of form and richly-toned color, looked like a well-set and priceless gem.

As the last tones of the organ are dying away, a soft, yet firm and quick footstep is heard, and Paul Inglis kneels with the little band of worshipers. Adele has learned to love him so dearly that tears of gratitude mingled with her thanksgiving prayer, and when the service was over, she flew toward him with eager joy. His radiant smile showed what happiness it was to him to see her. Molyneux grew pale as he watched these two beautiful young beings, as they showed such joy in each other's presence; but his earthly mind knew not how entirely the love of God absorbed the human passions of the young bishop's heart. Paul's work appeared to him so great, so momentous, and *so delightful*, that every thing else was infinitely subordinate to it. He rejoiced in the gift of being, he rejoiced in the power which God had given him of imparting good to his fellow-beings—life was to him a beautiful harmony. And his love for Adele gave him pleasure, just in proportion as he saw her growth in grace—just in proportion as he saw her tender young heart grow in likeness to that of his adored Saviour. Ah Charles Molyneux! you think your happiness would be complete were the love of this beautiful maiden yours; but your bliss would even then be far below the daily life-happiness of Paul Inglis. His mind was of the most comprehensive grasp—study was to him an intense pleasure, and every fresh branch of knowledge was a new armory of weapons to be employed in the service of his God. Like Solomon, his first desire was to have wisdom to instruct the peoples of the earth, and draw them into the paths of righteousness, and God had not only given him this wisdom, but he had given him fame—a fame which was to him like the fabled Aladdin's lamp, for he had but to say to the rich, "It is necessary to have funds for this or that object," and their treasures were freely opened to him. He had physical beauty—he had perfect health: what good thing of all the earth had been withholden from him? And he laid his gifts all at Jesus' feet with an extatic joy. No half-way service was his, like that of the engaging young ruler; but true to his work, and to his divine Master, he pursued his allotted task on earth. And all who came into contact with him seemed instinctively to recognize the nobility, purity, sincerity and dignity of a soul devoted unreservedly to God. It was curious to note the respect, amounting to reverence, with which men of the world, like Sir John Talbot, involuntarily treated his sacred character.

Lady Inglis one day spoke to Dr. Inglis of the possibilty of Paul's marrying. Dr. Inglis smiled, a sweet, peculiar smile. "My son's heart is preöcupied—he will never marry, unless love overtakes him at some unwary moment, when he is resting on

his oars. His whole care now is for the 'things of the Lord,' and God grant that it be always so."

"But do you not think he would be happier?"

"By no means," said Dr. Inglis. "The care of a family, however sweet to most men, would draw away the undivided attention of my son to his great work. I do not mean that married clergy can not serve God well, but the unmarried serve him better."

"But the apostle says the bishop should be the husband of one wife."

"I believe, as a general thing, they should be; but not such single-eyed, whole-souled men as Francis Xavier, Ignatius Loyola, or Paul Inglis. The apostle also says 'seek not a wife.' To the majority of men, there is no greater earthly blessing than a good wife—she is indeed a gift from the Lord. But such men as Paul are to wait for the gift and *not seek it*, and God will bestow it or not, as his own goodness and wisdom dictates. As for happiness, God is his portion, and he finds his happiness in joyous submission to his will."

"Then you are willing," said Lady Inglis sadly, "that your family should become extinct;" for Paul was the only male descendant of the house of Inglis.

"I regard the work of the Church as so much more important than our own, that although it is a sad thought that our name will vanish from the earth, yet I can do and say nothing to prevent it."

CHAP. XVII.

Adele had walked some miles to visit a sick child. She was attended by a servant, but after reaching the cottage had dismissed him with a message to Miss Inglis to send some medicine which was needed immediately. She remained a half hour or so to do what she could for the little sufferer, and then set out to return to the castle. The path by which she came was rather obscure, and she took the wrong turning at one point and wandered on for some time before she became aware of having lost the direction. She now paused in much perplexity, for the surroundings were entirely new to her. She thought she was familiar with all the roads, lanes and paths in the vicinity of the castle, but she now felt certain that she had never seen this spot before. On noticing the position of the almost setting sun, she found, to her dismay, that she had been going from the castle instead of toward it. Endeavoring to retrace her steps she became still more confused, and her agitation increasing with the growing darkness she lost all idea of the points of the compass. The sky was cloudy and no stars were visible, or that would have enabled her to tell something of her course. She was of a timid disposition, and her fright was extreme. Nervousness and fatigue together made her pant for breath, so that she was obliged to stop and rest. In a few moments the perfect stillness was broken by the sound of approaching footsteps. More alarmed than ever, she crouched amid the shrubbery, whence she saw a dark figure approaching which stopped near her and seemed irresolute. Presently a voice rang through the woods "Miss St. Maur"—it was Charlie Molyneux, searching for her! Oh! the intense relief!—but she tried to control her trembling voice as she answered. Mr. Molyneux sprang toward her with a fervent "Thank God," and quickly asking "Are you safe? are you tired? where have you been? I have been terribly alarmed about you." Adele's self-control, in spite of every effort, gave way, and she burst into tears. But they were very happy tears.

No one but the servants knew that she had not returned from her walk, and fearing to alarm her grandfather and Mr. Alfred Mowbray being absent, they had told Mr. Molyneux, who had immediately set out in search

of her. His care for Adele had come to be so much a thing of course that it was a sort of understood thing by every body but Sir John Talbot, and a little lingering jealousy on the part of Alfred Mowbray.

This little episode seemed to show Adele her dependence upon her strong friend very clearly, but the more she felt this dependence for happiness and well-being upon another the more timid she became. The appealing shyness of her glances long before this time would have been enough to have almost crazed the enamored youth, even if he had not been half so much in love as he was. Their path soon reached the foot of the cliff which towered on the north of the castle, and winding along the wall of granite they came within sight of the gleaming lights from the windows. Adele laughed as she said

"That would have been a delightful vision to me half an hour ago—I was never so frightened in my life.

Molyneux has never spoken to her of love, but now her little hand was imprisoned in a soft warm clasp, and a low trembling yet manly voice said,

"Miss St. Maur, I would be the happiest man on earth if you would give me the right to take care of you *always*."

The light from one of the castle windows shone full upon the sweet face—was it mischief which sparkled in the blue eyes as she raised them, followed by two tears only, and laying the disengaged hand upon the strong one which clasped the other, she said simply:

"I will be very happy, Mr. Molyneux, to have you take care of me."

CHAP. XVIII.

Sir John Talbot enters his mother's dressing-room. His manner is indifferent, careless, but his face is very pale. "I am going to England, and have come to say adieu." He seats himself on an ottoman at her feet.

"My dear son, this is a sudden decision; what"—but the mother's intuition divines it all from the haggard eye and trembling lip, and she silently runs her fingers through the silky raven curls.

"No hope for me, mother—Molyneux is accepted," and with heaving chest he hastily gives his parting embrace and leaves the room.

Lady Talbot takes a hearty cry over her son's bitter disappointment and her own, for this had been a dream which she had indulged in for years. People say the course of true love never did run smooth, but in this case there was not a ripple to disturb its blissful flow. No opposition—nothing but congratulations and blessings. Sweet morning readings in the library—delightful walks—happy proximity to each other at dinner, and evenings made up of joyous laughter, music, and talk. Not even a jealous rival to cast an evil eye over the scene, for poor Sir John was soon wandering in the south of Italy, and Alfred had very happy schemes on hand, which occupied him fully.

Adele and her grandfather, accompanied by Mrs. Cecil, Mrs. Benjamin, and Sarah, returned to Lanstead Abbey. Alfred had preceded them by a few days. The fires sparkled in all the rooms, exotic flowers breathed perfume from the vases, the butler is busy superintending his wine-coolers, and the French cook is bending all his energies to accomplishing the nicest processes of his art; and Adele floated into the happy English home, sweeter, purer than any fairy palace; and, surrounded as she was by friends, and greeted with subdued welcome by devoted servants, who would say this world was a dreary place!

But Sarah Benjamin looks as if some days might be dark and dreary. The only drawback to Adele's happiness is the cloud upon Sarah's brow.

Her mother also looks at her with solicitude, but neither asks questions, for they see that the sore spirit shrinks from the touch.

Alfred Mowbray has asked her to become his wife, and she has refused. They leave to-morrow for their distant home, and Sarah goes out for a solitary walk in the terraced garden. Alfred Mowbray is soon at her side—some little hope yet remains, and he is determined to make a last appeal. She listens with an expression of patient suffering.

"You would not be happy with me, Mr. Mowbray. I am a Jewess."

Alfred started with horror; it is as if some old time beauty had announced herself a witch.

"You do not understand me," said Sarah, shocked in her turn. "I am a Christian Jewess, but still a Jewess in lineage and in all my habits. You know our habits of life are all different from yours; my mother says we could never be happy together, and that you would be more unhappy than I would."

"But I thought you considered our differences in religion as altogether immaterial," said Alfred with a terrible suspicion that her profession of Christianity was not sincere.

"They are altogether immaterial, except so far as this life is concerned; the observance of the Mosaic law, which influences us in all our modes of living, we consider necessary to health and purity. Filial obedience is as strongly insisted upon in the New Testament as the Old, and my parents would never consent to my marriage with a Gentile Christian, and I can not marry without their consent—that is impossible."

Alfred looked sorely perplexed; he loved the beautiful Jewess passionately, but the idea of marrying an infidel his soul shrank from. And he could not but believe that this clinging to the Jewish law was want of faith in Christianity.

He sought an explanation from Mrs. Benjamin. The tears filled her eyes. "We consider your happiness as well as Sarah's, when we refuse our consent to this marriage. You know we Jews are regulated in all our domestic habits, food, clothing, every thing by the directions of Moses. We see that we are thereby exempt from many temporary evils which the rest of the world suffer from. Not only that, but long habit —you will say prejudice—has wedded us to these customs, and as we find nothing in the New Testament condemnatory of them, and as we do not expect to be saved by them, we can see no harm in clinging to the customs of our forefathers, and we are not willing that our children should neglect one jot or tittle of our ancient faith."

"But," said Alfred, "are you not adding a useless burden to the religious duties of your children?"

"We think not. We are obliged to be influenced by some rules in all these things. For instance, a mother must decide what her children's food must be. One mother decides by the rules laid down by her physician, another by the dictates of fashion. I decide by the laws of Moses, because I think them as unerring as the laws of Nature."

"Yet," said Alfred, still afraid that his passion might betray him into some sacrifice of Christian principle, "you can not be Christians unless you believe the whole of the New Testament, and St. Paul says, 'Every creature of God is good, and nothing to be refused if it be received with thanksgiving.'"

"Of course," replied Mrs. Benjamin, "every creature of God is good for the purpose for which it was created"—here she smiled as Alfred brushed a caterpillar from his coat sleeve with an involuntary expression of disgust—"that caterpillar is a creature of God, and very good for the purpose for which it was created, but I would not select it as material for a ragout."

Alfred was obliged to laugh. "My dear madam, you may be right in these views, but I think when you attach so much importance to them as to refuse your consent to a mar-

riage, which you do me the honor to say would be otherwise unobjectionable, I must believe that your Jewish faith is stronger than your Christian."

Again Mrs. Benjamin's eyes filled with tears, as she said, "We trust in the atonement of Christ alone to secure our salvation. But he observed the minutiæ of the law, and we follow in his footsteps. Our rabbins discussed all these points with Mr. Inglis, and he made no serious objection to their views."

"Then," said Alfred with an expression of indescribable relief, "I am willing to conform to all your modes of living. Is your objection removed?"

"As far as my daughter is concerned, yes. But reflect before you decide. You will expose yourself to the constant ridicule of your friends; and this may seem a small trial at first, but you know 'little burdens long borne become heavy.' And then you may find our habits very annoying in some respects. We kindle no fires throughout our habitations on the Sabbath day. This day has become doubly sacred to us, for in it we now celebrate our Saviour's resting in the tomb. The Lord's day we observe as you do, as a day of holy joy and religious duty. We believe the Christian Church has brought much suffering upon herself by departing too far from the ancient form in her organization. Were her bishops and deacons chosen by the church, as St. Paul directs, and were they as numerous and as wholly given to her service as the priests and Levites, whose successors they were, their work would be carried on with an efficiency which is not known at present."

Alfred smiled, and said, "I leave you to discuss these points with the rector. Now give me your blessing, dear madam, for I claim your consent to confirm my happiness."

When Sarah entered the drawing-room two hours later, exquisitely dressed for dinner, the cloud had disappeared from her Madonna-like face, and Alfred Mowbray looked as though his day now had no night.

AN INSTRUCTIVE FACT.

About fifteen years ago, an inquiry was instituted by the French Government with a view to ascertain the state of education—elementary of course—among the peasantry of the country. In the report of the officer having this duty in charge to the Minister of Public Instruction, the following fact was disclosed: That among the twenty-one millions composing the class in question not one instance had been found in which the mother of a family was able to read; that the children of a suitable age had not, also, been taught, or were not then learning; but that many, very many, instances had been found in which the father being able to read, and the mother not able, the education of the children had been entirely neglected.

This discovery will surprise no one; for, on the one hand, it is difficult to conceive how a mother, with all her maternal instincts and her many opportunities for it, can deny herself the gratification of imparting to her children an accomplishment she finds so valuable to herself; and, on the other, it is easy to see how a father, with his feebler paternal affections, may be so occupied with his out-door labors, and so oppressed with the burden of providing subsistence for the household, as not to be able to command either the leisure, strength, or patience for the drudgery of teaching the little ones an art so slow and hard to be acquired as, in his hands, this must prove.

The practical lesson from the fact is the simple one that, if we would, in the speediest manner possible, diffuse among our people universally

the blessings of education, and remove from this "Land we love"—and love all the more tenderly and profoundly because of wrongs which it has suffered—the disgrace of having members of its churches who can not read their Bibles, and citizens who can not write their names, teach these useful arts to our girls, even although our boys should be denied all knowledge of them; teach them to all our girls, and they will teach them to all their future children, both boys and girls, so that in the next generation there will not be found one of either sex, of our native population, who shall be untaught in these fundamental branches of education.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL N. B. FORREST.

Some writer has attempted to classify the character developed by war, giving personal illustrations to each class. It is very certain that the excitements incident to war bring into action traits of character which the calmness of peace would never disclose. Of all games war is the deepest. The passion it feeds, and which grows into ruling power, especially the glory with which it dazzles, plead most powerfully with the soul, tempting the ardent spirit with experiment and adventure—fascinations to him not known in peace.

There is a man who has boldness and dash, an ample brain, and an inborn love of glory—an imaginative, visionary love of the chivalrous, not practical, and in peace profitless. With warm affections, he pants for knightly renown, and sleeps away, in indulgent ease, those shining qualities which the opportunity given by war would make illustrious in all time. Such a man was Ashby of the Black Horse Cavalry.

There is another man, whose very being is suspended, save it be rocked by commotion, and can revel in that fearful danger which has but two results, death and destruction, or success and immortal name. In peace he is unheard of, in war he is a giant. Such a man was Mosby. With continued war, he would have rivaled his great prototype—Marshal Junot. There is still another man, with a rock-fast devotion, possessing power, but a dormant power in quiet times. Aroused only to action by the din of terrible conflict, he is moved to the exhibition of his stern qualities by the fires of revolution. In peace, a dalliant with beauty, fashion, ease, and a courtier of chivalry. In war, ambitious of thrones, sporting with death, defying and deriding it. This man is illustrated by Duroc, Ney, or Murat.

There is still another example. A man of iron will, a mental and physical energy corresponding; a constitutional force never slumbering, ever alert, ambitious, unwavering, whose goal is achievement, whose ensign is Excelsior. It matters not where this man is engaged. If in the domain of letters, he will urge that brain in ceaseless labor, ever trimming the midnight lamp, seeing beyond the sure reward to unbending effort. If in the busy mart of trade, the same all-conquering faith insures him his dividend. Wherever peace invites to pursuit, that all-pervading purpose lends him the means for every material and honorable progress. Who that has the true idea of Napoleon Bonaparte, but that readily perceives an inherent greatness, inevitably bounding into being, whether leading embattled hosts, and guiding the intricate machinery of extended empire, a leader of parliaments, or an occupant of the woolsack? In peace or war, making laws or mastering the exact sciences, governing millions or marshaling armies—it matters not, brain and vigor would have conceded him surpassing excellence.

In this class we would place General Forrest—a man who would be successful in any pursuit. Had early

years, and his own tide of fortune favored, he would have made a distinguished name in any of the learned professions. As a jurist, he would have had that energy, physical and mental, without which success is unattainable—with it, as inevitably certain as the laws of gravitation. As a statesman or political leader, he possesses that acuteness of perception, that comprehensive grasp of mind, that command and knowledge of men, that oneness of purpose—all concomitants of the deserving aspirant. He would have managed the affairs of an Erie or Illinois Central Railroad with thrift and wisdom. He was a model planter and trader, and would have made the prince of landlords—a Paran Stevens—the leader in all such enterprise. As it was, beginning life with the least amount of education, no advantages whatever, poor as poverty, but with an individual purpose to make himself and his family of brothers independently rich, and build themselves into honorable positions, he succeeded most handsomely. In war, these herculean energies moved upon a different and a higher plane; but the same propelling powers gave him his remarkable success and name. We know of no man in the army who deserves more credit for the degree of cavalry fame he so completely accomplished. With the genius of Bonaparte schooling him, and with those opportunities he would have given to his earnestness, who can say that any name among the marshals would have pointed to greater achievement? Without a herald and few of the advantages of the military aspirant, he worked his own way up the rugged steep, carving his way ineradicably as he rose, from height to height, until he reached the very summit, and grasped the commission of a lieutenant-general of cavalry.

"From the lowest place where virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by the doer's deed;
Where great titles swell, and virtue none,
It is a dropsied honor."

Like the Confederacy, he fought against all odds, having no capital but that unquailing self-reliance which gave to each its wondrous historic fullness. Can any one fail to see it in both? The South, planting herself on cherished principle, animated only by a high resolve to sustain it, feared nothing but her own irresolution, perhaps, losing her that good she might win by daring to attempt. She contended against the strongest power on earth. Strong in numbers, strong in resources, strong in Yankee perseverance, the strongest on earth; strong in the courts of other nations, and in all the appointments of established government. She contended against blockaded ports, shut out from all intercourse with mankind; she contended against hired enlistments from all foreign powers; she contended against a patriotic pride, enshrined in a disowned and desecrated flag; she contended against the darling prejudices and fanaticism of nearly the whole civilized world. She had no army, no navy, no treasury, no government. She was neither a manufacturing nor a producing people, in any essential, economical view. She had her army, navy, treasury, her whole machinery of government to manufacture and put in motion. Her whole power, with every hope or prospect of success, was herself and her home energies. Well and gloriously did she settle in her own mind the terms of the struggle. Failing by the fate of war, contributed to most largely by policies she could not expect or control, she has yet left a record of skill and achievement which will ever stand "a beacon and a light unto eternity."

From nations to men, from the resplendent South to the scarcely less resplendent Forrest, the same striking parallel holds. He too was poor, in all but his own strong purpose; he too fell struggling like a giant, his name radiant and fragrant with glory.

As a cavalry officer, we are not prepared to name his defect. What are the elements of such an officer?

Is it dash, mingled with chivalric recklessness; is it sleepless vigilance, united with that furious plunge, vivid as lightning and unexpected as the thunder's crash; is it intimate knowledge of himself, the extent of his resources, or the tension of his command; is it swiftness in the chase, skillfulness in pursuit, or terror in the charge; is it a majestic leadership, nerving every beholder with his own fearless faith; is it a greater solicitude to avoid fatal mistakes than to heroize in brilliant deeds; is it the perception of opportunity, and its advantages taken; is it undivided attention to his men and his cause, intensely forgetful of all else beside? If so, he combined them all. No general in the army—not the great administrator himself, Joseph E. Johnston—was more known to every department of his command. He knew hour by hour the state of his army, the ability of his commissary, his quartermaster, ordnance, and medical bureaux. His scouts were the most active and daring—he forced them to be so; he himself was the best scout living. His eye was everywhere, his labor unceasing, and he kindled a like degree of watchfulness in every subordinate. He knew no favorites but those made so by merit. He loved labor, he patronized ability, he worshiped courage. Steadiness, onset, fearlessness, he never saw but his heart yearned for its possessor; and if without opportunity for its continued exercise, he found him a time and place for its use. Rough he undoubtedly was. This roughness we do not admire—do not defend. It was inexcusable, and much to be deplored. With a patriot band of volunteers, it was not the quality to be commended in the management of a trained force of Sepoys, or Mexicans, or an army of regulars. Neither had he the culture and finish of a Stuart or Hampton, but was *sui generis*, rough, direct, and coarsely rude, the result of early life and pursuit. Frequently filled with passion, and knowing no control, but quick as powder, he saw his error, and the *amende honorable* came as buoyantly as the smile of success. Truly a diamond of the first water—rough, unpolished, just from its native quarry. His character as a whole was a union of that of Lannes and Suchet. With the impetuosity of the first he united the cautious calculation of the second. He well weighed the probabilities and counted the cost of every plan. When the time for action came, he was as terrible as a thunder-bolt. With the qualities of these marshals in the respects named, he united the fixedness of purpose, the tenacity of Massena. His doggedness of resolution was proverbial. It was like the grasp of death. An undertaking was never abandoned unless forced by orders—a battle never over until it was won. The doubts, even the panic of others, had no effect to tame this obstinacy of purpose; but, falling back upon his own iron self-reliance, he was every inch a man in the darkest hour of the storm. It was then, in the midnight darkness of trial, that his genius, like stars in the night, shone most brightly. He was accustomed to look upon nothing as impossible. Bad roads and the waste of waters could be overcome by "*It shall be so.*" Small numbers, with rapid marches and concentrated efforts, could destroy indolent superiority. He was passionately fond of artillery, and would stand behind a working battery, enjoying its exercise with all the glee of a delighted child. Not unfrequently has he been known to direct a section or a battery in person, superintending the minutest details. Personal daring in a leader, the army never doubting the fortune and game of its possessor, he felt was the strongest point he had to gain. With it he appeared to wear a magic girdle. Not like Atrides—

> "Beyond the missile javelins' sounding flight
> Safe let us stand; and from the tumult far
> Inspire the ranks, and rule the distant war."

Hence, in this respect, he is without a peer in the annals of the revolu-

tion. Leading a charge in person was his favorite pastime. The glory of single combat he too often courted—oftener than wisdom justified. Riding like a young Bedouin, an excellent pistol-shot and skillful swordsman, with a frame of great muscular power, he has, with his own right hand, won more success than any officer of the war. In hand-to-hand fight, with pistol and sabre, he can name twenty-nine trophies to his personal prowess.

This portrait may appear to many to be painted in high colors and on the order of the sensational. Well-known facts and quotations justify it. He *was* a sensation man; for his name always carried an excited interest into every circle, whether within the Federal lines or among the friends of his own cause. If any general possessed a quasi-ubiquity, he did—his whereabouts always the subject of inquiry, and none knowing where he would appear next. But he was not a sensationist from simple desire of notoriety, or from any of the weaker principles of vanity; being actuated by the public good, the discomfiture of the enemy, and a hereditary conviction of the justice of his cause. That he was most ambitious, none will deny. Genius, valor, and devotion were not most lavishly bestowed on him without the desire to assert their value. Some minds can not conceive a rush of greatness on an unlearned man in the brief period in which he obtained it; they forget the splendid opportunities of the moment when such qualities are developed—a French Revolution, or the struggles of a Poland or a Hungary, with its mushroom men of eternal purpose. Yet he was the offspring of a far greater era of achievement than either of them. The poet is born, not made; so with the general. Occasion only calls him out.

As such, none appreciated his merits more highly than the ablest lieutenants in the Confederate army—men whose names are a synonym with soldierly acquirement. With Lieut.-General Polk he was a great favorite. Lieut.-General S. D. Lee, when the victory of Tishomingo Creek was announced to him, thought it the exaggerated report of a telegraph operator. Lieut.-General Hardee told President Davis, when he visited the army of Tennessee in 1864, "That he ought to make him a lieutenant-general." Mr. Davis replied, "He had no department for him." Hardee said: "Then make one; he is equal to any thing you can give him." It is well understood that when the reduced forces of the army of Tennessee were combating the accumulated and accumulating masses of Sherman's mammoth host, and the destinies of the Confederacy were hanging upon its endurance, that General Johnston felt his need as chief of cavalry, and most earnestly and repeatedly plead with the Government to have him placed in that most important of all fields. Who can estimate the value to the Confederacy of so untiring a leader in Sherman's rear? for there a work was to be done without which his front could not be checked. Any thing worth doing at all is worth doing well. This principle governed him at all times and everywhere. He never had a doubtful purpose. Strategy was his constant resort. At bluff he had no superior. Remember Athens, and the capture of Colonel Streight. The enemy themselves being judges, well said, "When they agreed to surrender, they found him without force; when they fought him, he was a host."

As an officer, he was admired and confided in; as a man, he was neither loved nor popular, his directness and imperturbable obstinacy in decision and intercourse, with hot bursts of temper, however that decision was demanded by the interests of service and discipline, leaving in most cases the durable impress of tyrannical coarseness. Yet he was easy of access, sociable, kind, and generous. But with the country at large, who viewed him only as a public actor, his popularity was unbounded.

Forrest embarked in the Southern

cause with a conviction kindred to that which saturated the whole being of the single-hearted Prince of Orange. Never was patriot more sincere—never was energy more completely locked in the embrace of principle. Even his ambitious soul had not pierced the vista of coming fame; yet fiery and tempest-tossed as it was, he clearly saw but two alternatives—combat or submission.

He raised a regiment—at once he became a hero. Generalship soon followed, and his great cavalry achievements were the talk of the country. We can not pause to examine his Tennessee laurels—his numberless dashes, surprises, captures, from his escape with a regiment intact from Fort Donelson to Chickamauga. So far as he was responsible, it was an unbroken chain of victory. The wonderful pursuit of Colonel Streight into Rome, Georgia, and its complete success, made him a major-general. Dissatisfaction with officers in his own branch of the service, and the increasing importance of Mississippi and West-Tennessee as a department, succeeded in transferring him to this field. To it he at once repaired with a command of about 2500 men. Sherman undertook to penetrate Central Mississippi and Alabama with a large and well-appointed force, his supposed object being to capture Selma and Mobile, and ravage that productive region, from which the granaries of a large section of the Confederacy were supplied. Generals Smith and Grierson were bowers in this great game, and were assigned to the duty of diversion (coming out from Memphis) and the kindred one of spoliation in the country through which they were to pass, before effecting the proposed junction. To use his own words: "With a large coöperating cavalry force, thoroughly armed and equipped, they were to descend through North-Mississippi, carrying fire and sword with them. On they came like a blighting sirocco. At West-Point you met them. There you threw yourselves across the rich prairies, a living bulwark to stay the desolating tide. Compared with the enemy, you were few in numbers, but every man became a hero, for all seemed impressed with the importance of the moment. The result is well known to the world. You drove him howling back in shame, broken and demoralized. Sherman's campaign was brought to an abrupt conclusion, and Mississippi and Alabama were saved."

After a short rest, finding nothing needing attention in his own department, he selected the best portion of his command, and moved to West-Tennessee and Kentucky. By long and rapid marches, he soon found himself by the blue waters of the beautiful Ohio, sweeping the enemy before him wherever he met them, capturing many prisoners, and valuable and needed stores for every bureau of his command, beside earning for his little army a character for endurance and valor which well might excite the envy of the most famous legions of history. At Fort Pillow, against six pieces of artillery and two gunboats, he stormed the works, and killed and captured nearly the entire garrison. Much opprobrium has been cast upon his name by reason of this "so-called" massacre. Never was charge more truly unjust. Surrender was demanded, when resistance was madness. With his own guns bearing upon the fort, the enemy was surrounded, his own men sheltered from fire, while he could enfilade them. Surrender was refused, he was forced to charge. The fort was taken in twenty minutes; the enemy, some fighting inside the works, some fleeing to the river, their flag still floating in proud defiance from their ramparts. Boxes of untouched ammunition in great numbers, opened and ready for distribution to the men as they passed, were placed along the bank of the river, and from which they were to replenish their cartridge-boxes, and from which they did replenish them. They expected their gunboats to protect them at the river. In this they were disappointed. But

continuing to fire and run when halted and surrender demanded, it was answered by the piercing hiss of the minie, and a further and more rapid retreat. The result was inevitable; nothing else could be expected; it could not be avoided. All usage justifies its lamentable necessity. That there were individual instances of cruelty, and even murder, is no more than can be said of every captured fort, after storm by a maddened victor. But that Forrest is responsible for willful blood at Fort Pillow, or premeditated or allowed massacre, can only be sustained by *ex-parte* testimony. No fair-minded Federal officer will say that the brave army under Forrest was universally dishonest—men who could or would shield Confederate action, however base or bloodthirsty. Such was not, and is not, the character of General James R. Chalmers, Colonel Robert McCulloch, Captain George B. Harper, and hundreds of others equally as virtuous, and ambitious of unstained name as either of them. Yet we venture the assertion, *that no officer or soldier of that entire force* can be found to hang a charge of murdering a prostrate or surrendered foe to Forrest's skirts. In the first outbursts of a heated partisan indignation, testimony purely *ex parte* was taken. Forrest prepared a full history of the whole siege and capture, and sent it to General C. C. Washburne at Memphis; but so far as we are advised, not only was it not published, but he was never given the benefit of a brave soldier's disclaimer. We would therefore earnestly ask a generous people not to condemn, unheard, a gallant man against so foul a charge.

But the capstone to this grand column of victories has yet to be laid. The memories of West-Point and Okalona, Paducah, and Union City, and Fort Pillow, sat like an incubus on the Federal authorities. A handful of men to accomplish so much, against such serried power, was galling: they must be exterminated, and their leader with them. Great preparations were made. A splendid force of 12,000 men, with nearly 300 wagons, laden with every needed store and tempting luxury, 24 pieces of artillery, and all the pomp of a victorious host attending it, was set on foot, and started for Memphis, commanded by Generals Grierson and Sturges. They came with threats of vengeance, "Remember Fort Pillow;" "No quarter to Forrest or his men." Like Xerxes and his gorgeously apparelled host, they melted like frostwork in the sun before this Spartan band. It was a period of great moment. The Department-General S. D. Lee knew it; Forrest knew it; the army felt it. Scouts had been deceived, or were laggard. Forrest, with his small force, was at Boonville, nearly exhausted by weary marches. Lee was present, and in council, for a day a night, (the 9th June, 1864.) The enemy were at last found. Lee retired to Okalona, and further south, to rally every available man to add to the forlorn 3600. On the morning of the 10th, before the fight, he moved to Baldwin, sixteen miles off. The enemy were known to be not five miles distant. It was his object to harass them, and lead them on further into the heart of the country, where with Lee and his aiding column they could be more successfully resisted. But with the eye of a captain he saw the hour had come. The country aided his paucity of numbers, and by a furious and persistent onset with his whole force he saw he could ruin them. The command was dismounted; six hundred were detailed to hold horses, and the rest entire put into the fight. From ten in the morning until seven that evening, that desperate column held its ground, swaying to and fro like a surging but unbroken wave. His determination was onward, onward; and pressing them from every quarter, his single mind pervaded that host. We well remember when, after ordering the advance of the artillery by hand, and urging General Buford in person to press them, how, Murat-like, with drawn sabre and fiery steed, he dashed far to the front of the foremost,

cheering and commanding the army at his heels;

"When twice ten thousand shake the laboring field,
Such was the voice, and such the thundering sound"—

that, like a chiding wave, the maddened mass rushed on. The battle was won—the rout began—and loud shouts of joy mingled with the cannon's roar. Such a rout has not been witnessed during this century. With 3000 muskets and 8 guns, he killed 3000 of the enemy, captured as many more, near 250 wagons, vast stores, 3000 stand of small-arms, and 23 of their 24 pieces of artillery. The scattered remains of this once proud host wandered days and days together in the woods and swamps, at last reaching Memphis—

"And chiefs renowned,
Driven heaps on heaps, with clouds involved around
Of rolling dust, their winged wheels employ
To hide their ignominious heads in Troy."

Like the renowned Lamoral of Egmont, after the events of Saint Quentin and Gravelines, "he became the idol of the army, the familiar hero of ballad and story, the mirror of chivalry, and the god of popular worship."

Yet some have said he was no general—merely a brave, successful raider. He had large numbers often in his command, and he the first officer in the field. His battles were not skirmishes either in numbers or results. Let Parker's Cross-Roads, West-Point and Okalona, Tishomingo Creek, Tupelo, Oxford, and his grand *coup de main*—Memphis—be the witnesses, and it is conclusive. If no general, why did Hood, after the terrible day at Nashville, place him in command of the rear of his army? There, like the undaunted Ney in that awful retreat from Moscow, he stood, a wall of impenetrable valor between a victorious pursuer and a defeated army. He was mainly instrumental in saving the 21,000 of that grand 29,000 which safely reached Corinth.

The war was not a contest by an isolated few, swelling with discontent and treason, but the warmly embraced alternative of six millions of freemen—a race of people, for genius, worth, and manly virtue, second to none God ever created.

With pure motives, and standing upon the deep-seated convictions of his section, General Forrest fought for a separate nationality. He was the representative of a great power contending with a great power. He always urged a warfare which could be successfully defended in all civilized courts—opposed to marauding, rapine, and the guerrilla. He once offered a reward for the apprehension of a step-brother, because of his reported unauthorized depredations as a guerrilla. Unless he could establish his government by honorable and manly warfare, he was for abandoning the struggle. So long as there was reasonable hope, he favored active hostility; when that hope faded, he urged submission. Hence, on the receipt of the news of Lee's surrender, with the perception of conviction, he said, "The Union is restored, and further resistance is madness and folly." He yielded to inexorable necessity; but did it with grace, dignity and faith. Why, then, is it not the province of wisdom to receive all such with open arms and restored rights? The law of kindness is one of the most all-pervading laws known to both nations and men. As love is the loftiest, so it is the strongest principle of all true and acceptable obedience. Would the prodigal son have felt so allied to the interests of the paternal roof had his return not been followed by such fatherly fondness? Instead of an outcast and foreigner, he became an inmate and fellow-worker—no longer an orphan to a lost generation, but a dutiful son to a prosperous parent.

The well-being and progress of the North is entwined with that of the South. The South *can not* prosper without the aid of her stalwart sons of labor and promise—a very healing to the nation. With them the political philanthropist can stand on the mount of prophecy, and, like the Moses of God, see the promised land

flowing with milk and honey. It is superlative nonsense to say the Lees, the Longstreets and Forrests can not be trusted. Were they faithful to the South, and will they not remember her in the hour of affliction? They are the only trustworthy representatives of a trustworthy people! They are men who can not lie. Had we a prayer to offer for our country, after her tremendous scourging, it would be to bury the asperities of the past, and to rally *now* as one man to perfect restoration.

"No more shall trenching War channel her fields,
Nor bruise her flowerets with the armèd hoofs
Of hostile paces; those opposèd eyes,
Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
All of one nature, of one substance bred,
Did lately meet in the intestine shock
And furious close of civil butchery,
Shall now in mutual, well-beseeming ranks
March all one way, and be no more opposed
Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies.
The edge of War, like an ill-sheathèd knife,
No more shall cut his master."

W. H. B.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

This article is from the pen of one whose opportunities were ample for knowing the character and exploits of General Forrest. The Editor only knew the General during the campaign ending in the battle of Chickamauga. The very exalted estimate formed in regard to him as a soldier previous to that time was more than surpassed, and, in addition, a very high opinion was formed of him as a man. Being on the battle-field with him a good portion of the day, we responded heartily to the sentiment of our own Chief of Staff, "Did you ever see such an eye? He is a born general."

FAREWELL ADDRESS TO THE PEOPLE OF LOUISIANA.

EXECUTIVE CHAMBER,
SHREVEPORT, LA., June 2, 1865.

FELLOW-CITIZENS: I have thought it my duty to address you a few words in parting from you forever. My administration as Governor of Louisiana closes this day; the war is over, the contest is ended, the soldiers are disbanded and have gone to their homes; and now there is in Louisiana no opposition whatever to the Constitution and Laws of the United States.

Until order shall be established and society with all its safeguards fully restored, I would advise that you form yourselves into companies and squads for the purpose of protecting your families from outrage and insult, and your property from spoliation. A few bad men can do much mischief and destroy much property. Within a short while the United States authorities will no doubt send you an armed force to any part of the State, where you may require it for your protection.

My countrymen, we have for four long years waged a war which we deemed to be just in the sight of high heaven. We have not been the best, the wisest, nor the bravest people in the world, but we have suffered more and borne our sufferings with greater fortitude than any people on the face of God's green earth. Now let us show to the world that as we fought like men, like men we can make peace. Let there be no acts of violence, no heart-burnings, no intemperate language, but with manly dignity submit to the inevitable course of events. Neither let there be any repinings after lost property. Let there be no crimination or recrimination—no murmurs. It will do no good, but may do much harm. You who like myself, have lost all (and oh! how many there are) must begin life anew. Let us not talk of despair, nor whine about our misfortunes, but with strong arms and stout hearts adapt ourselves to the circumstances that surround us. It now rests with the United States authorities to make you once more a contented, prosper-

ous, and happy people. They can within five years restore Louisiana to its original wealth and prosperity, and heal the terrible wounds that have been inflicted upon her. So great are our recuperative energies—so rich is our soil—so great are the resources of the State! Our rulers have it in their power to dry the mourner's tears, to make glad the hearts of the poor widow and orphan, to cause the past in a great measure to be forgotten, and to make your devastated lands "to blossom like the rose." If my voice could be heard and be heeded at Washington, I would say, "Spare this distracted land, oh! spare this afflicted people. In the name of bleeding humanity, they have suffered enough!" But, my countrymen, this can not be; I am one of the proscribed; I must go into exile. I have stood by you, fought for you, and staid with you up to the very last moment, and now leave you with heavy heart. The high trust with which you have honored me is this day returned. I leave the office of Governor with clean hands and with the conscious pride of having done my duty.

All the officers of state and all employed in its various departments have rendered their final accounts and made full and complete settlements. I thank them for their uniform kindness to me and their patriotic devotion to the several duties assigned them. These accounts are in the hands of Colonel John M. Sandidge. I invite the closest scrutiny, not only to these papers, but to all my acts as Governor of Louisiana. My state stores and dispensaries and manufactories have all been conducted in the most successful manner. None can tell the vast amount of good they have done, not only to you, but to the people of Texas, Arkansas, and Missouri.

Fellow-Citizens! in this the darkest hour of my life, I do not come before you as an old man broken down by the storms of state, nor do I come to plead for mercy, at the hands of those whom I have fought for four long years; no, no. I come in the pride and vigor of manhood, unconquered, unsubdued. I have nothing to regret. I look back with mournful pleasure at my public career, now about to close. As a citizen, as a soldier, as a statesman, I have done my duty.

The soldier's family, the widow and the orphan, the sick and the wounded, the poor and needy, have all had my especial care, while the soldier himself and the citizen have not been forgotten. I have protected the people from the encroachments of military power, and have never permitted a bale of cotton in the State to be seized or impressed. It is partly in remembrance of these acts, that you have always given me your entire confidence. But few in authority have ever had so many evidences of affection and regard as you have so often shown to me.

Refugees! return to your homes. Repair, improve, and plant. Go to work with a hearty good will, and let your actions show that you are able and willing to adapt yourselves to the order of things. We want no Venice here, where the denizens of an unhappy state shall ever meditate with moody brow, and plot the overthrow of the government, and where all shall be dark and dreary, cold and suspicious. But rather let confidence be restored. If required, let each and every one go forward cheerfully and take the oath of allegiance to that country in which they expect in future to live, and there to pursue their respective avocations with redoubled energy as good, true, and substantial citizens. I go into exile, not as did the ancient Roman, to lead back foreign armies against my native land, but rather to avoid persecution, the crown of martyrdom. I go to seek repose for my shattered limbs. It is my prayer to God that this country may be blessed with permanent peace, and that real prosperity, general happiness, and lasting contentment may unite all who have elected to live under the flag of

a common country. If possible, forget the past. Look forward to the future. Act with candor and discretion, and you will live to bless him who in parting gives you this last advice.

And now what shall I say in parting to my fair country-women? Ladies of Louisiana! I bow to you with tears of grateful affection. You have responded always most promptly and cheerfully to the calls of patriotism and of duty. You have clothed the soldiers, nursed the sick and wounded, cheered up the faint-hearted, and smoothed the dying pillow of the warrior patriot. God bless you! God bless you! I can never forget you. In the land of the exile I shall remember you with feelings of gratitude too deep for utterance.

My countrymen! I bid you adieu. Farewell! Sometimes think of him who has sacrificed all for you. Perhaps in better days when the storm of passion and prejudice shall have passed away, we may meet again. I may then be permitted to return, to mingle with my friends, to take them by the hand, and "forget my own griefs to be happy with you." If this should be denied me, I humbly trust we may all meet in heaven at last, to part no more.

(Signed) HENY WATKINS ALLEN,
Governor of Louisiana.

PRISON LIFE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

WE have read with profound grief and amazement the account appended below of the treatment of this unfortunate man in Fortress Monroe. That those unread in military science may understand fully the severity to which he has been exposed, it will be necessary to inform them what a fort is. This term has been so often applied during the war to hastily constructed earthworks, that it may be well to explain that Fortress Monroe is a *permanent* fortification, constructed of masonry upon the most elaborate and costly plan, and that earth is merely used as a covering to the masonry. The main body of the work is surrounded with a ditch (or moat) some sixty feet wide and from six to twelve feet deep, filled with water, and the sides of this ditch, technically called the scarp and counterscarp, are of solid masonry. The ditch is crossed by a draw-bridge to the sallyport, where the main body of the guard of the garrison is placed. Were this draw-bridge raised, a prisoner inside without sentinels or supervision of any kind would be perfectly secure, being utterly unable to escape. But lest this half-blind, half-dead, feeble, nervous old man should manage to get away, guards were placed at the sallyport, guards upon the parapets, guards upon the terre-plein, guards upon the beach, guards before his cell, and two sentinels inside, with orders to watch him but not to speak with him. All this was done, after every vestige of the rebellion had disappeared, after the last rebel soldier had thrown down his arms, and there was as little probability of an attempt at rescuing Mr. Davis by the Southern people as of an attempt to rescue Head-Centre Stephens. Moreover, numerous gunboats and vessels of war controlled by their fire every inch of ground leading to and from the fort. These precautions, one would have supposed, were abundant to secure the safety of the prisoner of state. They were enough for security, but not enough for vengeance, not enough for degradation. Accordingly, on the 23d May, 1865, handcuffs were placed upon the wrists and shackles upon the ankles of him but lately the ruler of six millions of as pure, noble and brave a people as the sun ever shone upon. In the jargon of the Jacobins "treason was to be made odious for all time to come by treating the head traitor as a common

felon." To this idea, we have no response to make beyond this—we have never heard that the felon's death of Jesus of Nazareth made Christianity odious. Or to come to a case to them more in point, a New-England orator predicted that "the day would arrive when the gallows of John Brown would be more glorious than the cross of Jesus Christ." Did the felon's death of John Brown make abolitionism odious in the eyes of its devotees? The persecutors of Mr. Davis, the authors of the sentiment that treason must be made odious through his degradation, have been the uniform indorsers of the pious speech of the New-England orator. We leave them to reconcile their inconsistency in any way they can, and pass on to the point we wish to make. One of the reasons assigned for the rigorous treatment of Mr. Davis was his alleged complicity with the atrocities at Andersonville, with the assassination plot, with the yellow-fever plot, with the plot for blowing up ships, burning hotels, etc., etc. Now the editor of this magazine has never been numbered among the personal friends of Mr. Davis. He was at no time an admirer of his executive ability. He is influenced then in what he will say by no feeling of private friendship for the man and by no admiration of him as a ruler. In addition, he received at the hands of Mr. Davis an unexplained and perhaps unexplainable wrong. But base must be the heart and brutal the instincts of that man who, on account of a personal grievance, could harbor resentment against the scapegoat of our Confederacy, the vicarious sufferer for our whole people. In the following statement the first person will be used since 'tis more graphic, more natural, and more emphatic, in a narrative of personal matters.

I have had numerous interviews with Mr. Davis upon official subjects, often of the most important character and prolonged to great length. He always spoke fully and freely, as one who had no reserve and no wish to conceal his views and opinions. If he was not candid in his utterances, he had the art to hide his want of candor when nothing was to be gained by that concealment. Now I do most solemnly aver that I never heard him utter one word of bitterness or even unkindness toward the enemies of his country or toward his own. I have heard him speak of Butler, Turchin, and others of that character, with feeling, but never with harshness. At the time the cartel for the exchange of prisoners was under negotiation between General Dix and myself, I was most desirous to insist upon the article forbidding citizens to be arrested by either belligerent for political offenses. General Dix had refused to agree to this article, had referred the matter to Washington, and had been instructed to persist in his refusal. General Lee, as a Virginian, whose State was the chief sufferer by these political arrests, wished very naturally to save his people from the horrors of prison, and therefore wanted to insist upon the preservation of the article. I have still by me a letter from the General on that subject. With reference to this momentous question, I had a long conversation with Mr. Davis. He spoke with sadness in his tones and emotion in his countenance of numerous arrests of his people, some of them his warm personal friends; but *even at this time*, not a single unkind speech escaped from his lips. He was goaded by the taunts and sarcasms of certain newspapers to make empty proclamations in regard to retaliation and reprisals; but he carried out none of his threats, and he was taunted by the same papers for want of nerve in their execution. It is well known that he impaired and almost destroyed discipline in the army by remitting sentences and reprieving or pardoning the most notorious offenders. But it is not so well known that he himself reviewed the proceedings of courts-martial in case of the death penalty, and often spent the night after the exhausting duties of the day, till the small hours of the morn-

ing, in the tedious task of reading over the evidence. While I was in command of the Department of North-Carolina, a desperate and hardened criminal was in confinement at Greenville for crimes of a high civil as well as military character. He had been condemned to death by a court-martial, and the time of execution was left with me.

His brigade commander came to me and said that the carrying out of this sentence was essential to discipline in his command, and urged that an early day be appointed for the dread penalties of the law. I consented; but before the execution could take place, it was arrested by telegraph from Richmond, till Mr. Davis could make a more thorough investigation. I never knew the final result, as I left the State soon after, but presume that the man escaped, as this was generally the end of all such delays. It was said of Mr. Davis that he could see no good in his enemies and no evil in his friends. I know of one instance at least of incorrectness of the former statement. I was present when a discussion took place in regard to the suppression of a newspaper because of the disloyal character of its articles, which were producing desertion in the army and disaffection among the people at home. The editor had been converted to unionism by the battle of Gettysburgh and fall of Vicksburgh, and like all new-born proselytes was fiery in his zeal. A cabinet officer present said: "This man is not more disloyal than ——" (naming a well-known editor whose assaults upon Mr. Davis at this time were very virulent;) "I don't see how one paper can be suppressed without suppressing the other." To this a gentleman replied: "You are unjust: Mr. ——, though an enemy of the President, yet shows by his abuse of the Yankees that he has no love for them. The other editor betrays hatred of the President and of his own people." Mr. Davis immediately assented to this, saying, "You have exactly described the difference between the two men." The fact is, that Mr. Davis erred not so much in undervaluing those hostile to himself, as in overestimating those he regarded as his personal friends. His ardent nature caused him to feel so blind an attachment toward those who made professions of love for himself that he could see neither their mental deficiencies nor moral obliquities. Hence, the tenacity with which he clung to incompetent men, though their incompetency was known even to the little children of the country. Hence, too, he became the dupe of designing men, who gained his confidence by seeming devotion to his person and interests. All these false friends were of course seekers for position, where they could rob and plunder the people. So it happened by a singular fortune that while he himself was as pure as the falling snow, and his bitterest assailants never whispered a word against his integrity, many of the government officials were enormously corrupt. This state of things is always incident to war, which has been aptly compared to a boiling caldron. The filth and scum will then be brought to the surface. Napoleon, in one of his letters to his brother Joseph, warns him that he must always expect to find a thief in an army contractor.

The Northern newspapers show that the opposite party in the late tremendous conflict had its "shoddy contractors," and its "pilfering government employees." Our people, however, were not prepared for such developments of fraud and peculation, and soon wearied of a contest in which they had hoped to see only patriotism and a self-sacrificing devotion to principle. The disgust attendant upon such bitter disappointment in their expectations had more to do with breaking down the rebellion than the armies of Grant and Sherman.

This, too, seems to be the view of A. H. Stephens, Esq., as expressed before the Reconstruction Committee.

It is true, then, that Mr. Davis could see no faults in his friends. He gave them no half-way confidence, but trusted them fully and perfectly.

He invested them with his own purity of character and honesty of purpose. But it *is not* true that he could see no good in his enemies, and that he pursued them with rancorous hate. I do not doubt that in the comparison with his supposed friends, they were in his estimation both intellectually weak and morally perverse. But apart from this, he could be just and appreciative of their merits. I saw him several times during the session of a Confederate Congress in which he had been harshly assailed. Once he alluded incidentally to his troubles, but without the least resentment in language or manner. I think that there was no instance of the suppression of a newspaper, though several editors were notoriously disloyal to the Confederate cause, and still more of them intensely hostile to the Confederate President. Like Washington, Mr. Davis held "error to be the portion of humanity, and to censure it, whether committed by this or that public character to be the prerogative of a freeman."

It would be an anomaly in human nature, if a man so ardent in his attachment to his friends, so tender of the lives of his soldiers, so full of compassion toward his suffering countrymen, so free from bitterness in his language toward enemies in private and enemies in the field, so tolerant of freedom of speech and freedom of the press, should have instigated, been cognizant of, or connived at enormous wickedness and unparalleled atrocities. Those who charge him with such crimes are either ignorant of his character or are influenced by passion and prejudice. There is not a word of truth in the allegations.

(From The Norfolk Virginian.)

There has just been published in New-York a curious and interesting work, entitled Prison Life of Jefferson Davis: embracing details and incidents in his captivity, particulars concerning his health and habits, together with many conversations on topics of great public interest — by Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel John J. Craven, M.D., late surgeon United States volunteers, and physician of the prisoner during his confinement in Fortress Monroe, from May twenty-fifth, 1865, up to December twenty-fifth, 1865. The book is filled with memoranda which can not but excite attention far and wide; and though, doubtless, clap-trap and malevolent remark will be resorted to, in a partisan spirit, to break the force of many of the facts, yet it will be difficult to overcome the impression which they must make upon the instinct of a common humanity and ordinary sense of justice.

The procession from the United States steamer Clyde into the fort, on the morning of the twenty-first of May, is described, with Major-General Halleck, Charles A. Dana, then Assistant Secretary of War, and Colonel Pritchard, of the Michigan cavalry, (who had made the capture of Mr. Davis's party,) with Colonel Miles holding the arm of Mr. Davis, always thin and now haggard, dressed in a suit of gray, Mr. C. C. Clay following, amidst the guard of soldiers, and through files of other soldiers, all the way into the casemate.

When Mr. Davis was first placed in his cell, he very naturally asked which way the window of the embrasure faced. But both of the soldiers pacing up and down his cell were silent; and repeating the question, the continued silence indicated their strict prohibition of all interchange of words with the prisoner. Left thus, with a Bible and Prayer-Book, and the ordinary rations of beef and bread, of which the sick man partook not, the first day and night were passed. Says Dr. Craven:

On the morning of the twenty-third of May a yet bitterer trial was in store for the proud spirit—a trial severer, probably, than has ever in modern times been inflicted upon any one who had enjoyed such eminence. This morning Jefferson Davis was shackled. It was while all the swarming camps of the armies of the Potomac, the Tennessee, and Georgia—over two hundred thousand bronzed and laureled veterans — were preparing for the grand review of the next morning, in which, passing in endless succession before the President, the conquering military power of the nation was to lay down its arms at the feet of the civil authority, that the following scene was enacted at Fortress Monroe.

Captain Jerome E. Titlow, of the Third Pennsylvania artillery, entered the cell, followed by the blacksmith of the fort and his assistant, the latter carrying in his hand the rattling shackles. Mr. Davis was reclining on his bed, feverish and weary after a sleepless night, the food placed near to him the previous day still lying untouched on its tin plate near his bedside. "Well?" said Mr. Davis, slightly raising his head.

"I have an important duty to perform, sir," said Captain Titlow, and as he spoke the senior blacksmith took the shackles from his assistant.

Davis leaped instantly from his recumbent attitude, a flush passing over his face for a moment, and then his countenance grew livid and rigid as death. He gasped for breath, clutching his throat with the thin fingers of his right hand, and then recovering himself slowly, while his wasted figure towered up to its full height, now appearing to swell with indignation and then to shrink with terror. As he glanced from the Captain's face to the shackles he said slowly, with a laboring chest:

"My God! you can not have been sent to iron me?"

"Such are my orders, sir," replied the officer, beckoning the blacksmith to approach, who stepped forward, unlocked the padlock, and prepared the fetters to do their office. These fetters were of heavy iron, probably five eighths of an inch in thickness, and connected together by a chain of like weight.

"This is too monstrous," groaned the prisoner, glaring hurriedly around the room, as if for some weapon or means of self-destruction. "I demand, Captain, that you let me see the commanding officer. Can he pretend that such shackles are required to secure the safe custody of a weak old man, so guarded, and in such a fort as this?"

"It could serve no purpose," replied Captain Titlow; "his orders are from Washington, as mine are from him."

"But he can telegraph," interposed Mr. Davis, eagerly; "there must be some mistake. No such outrage as you threaten me with is on record in the history of nations. Beg him to telegraph, and delay until he answers."

"My orders are peremptory," said the officer, "and admit of no delay. For your own sake, let me advise you to submit with patience. As a soldier, Mr. Davis, you know I must execute orders."

"These are not orders for a soldier," shouted the prisoner, losing all control of himself. "They are orders for a jailer —for a hangman, which no soldier wearing a sword should accept! I tell you the world will ring with this disgrace. The war is over; the South is conquered. I have no longer any country but America, and it is for the honor of America, as for my own honor and life, that I plead against this degradation. Kill me! kill me!" he cried passionately, throwing his arms wide open and exposing his breast, "rather than inflict on me, and on my people through me, this insult worse than death."

"Do your duty, blacksmith," said the officer, walking toward the embrasure as if not caring to witness the performance. "It only gives increased pain on all sides to protract this interview."

At these words the blacksmith advanced with the shackles, and seeing that the prisoner had one foot upon the chair near his bedside, his right hand resting on the back of it, the brawny mechanic made an attempt to slip one of the shackles over the ankle so raised; but, as if with the vehemence and strength which frenzy can impart, even to the weakest invalid, Mr. Davis suddenly seized his assailant, and hurled him half-way across the room.

On this Captain Titlow turned, and seeing that Davis had backed against the wall for further resistance, began to remonstrate, pointing out in brief, clear language, that this course was madness, and that orders must be enforced at any cost. "Why compel me," he said, "to add the further indignity of personal violence to the necessity of your being ironed?"

"I am a prisoner of war," fiercely retorted Davis; "I have been a soldier in the armies of America, and know how to die. Only kill me, and my last breath shall be a blessing on your head. But while I have life and strength to resist, for myself and for my people, this thing shall not be done."

Hereupon Captain Titlow called in a sergeant and file of soldiers from the next room, and the sergeant advanced to seize the prisoner. Immediately Mr. Davis flew on him, seized his musket, and attempted to wrench it from his grasp.

Of course such a scene could have but one issue. There was a short, passionate scuffle. In a moment Davis was

flung upon his bed, and before his four powerful assailants removed their hands from him, the blacksmith and his assistant had done their work—one securing the rivet on the right ankle, while the other turned the key in the padlock on the left.

This done, Mr. Davis lay for a moment as if in a stupor. Then slowly raising himself and turning round, he dropped his shackled feet to the floor. The harsh clank of the striking chain seems first to have recalled him to his situation, and dropping his face into his hands, he burst into a passionate flood of sobbing, rocking to and fro, and muttering at brief intervals: "O the shame! the shame!"

It may here be stated, though out of its due order—that we may get rid in haste of an unpleasant subject—that Mr. Davis, some two months later, when frequent visits had made him more free of converse, gave me a curious explanation of the last feature in this incident.

He had been speaking of suicide and denouncing it as the worst form of cowardice and folly. "Life is not like a commission, that we can resign when disgusted with the service. Taking it by your own hand is a confession of judgment to all that your worst enemies can allege. It has often flashed across me as a tempting remedy for neuralgic torture; but, thank God, I never sought my own death but once, and then when completely frenzied and not master of my actions. When they came to iron me that day, as a last resource of desperation, I seized a soldier's musket and attempted to wrench it from his grasp, hoping that in the scuffle and surprise, some one of his comrades would shoot or bayonet me."

SOCIAL REMINISCENCES OF THE HON. GEORGE E. BADGER.

While so many pens, well worthy the task, are deploring the loss North-Carolina has sustained in the death of one of her most brilliant statesmen and profound lawyers, and portraying in glowing colors the ability and genius of the Hon. George E. Badger, it is with fear and trembling that we venture to speak of the social loss which his large circle of friends and admirers have experienced by the total extinction of that bright star, which has vanished forever from their horizon. We speak but the simple truth when we say that we approach our subject with fear and trembling; for no pen could do justice to the brilliant conversational powers of the gifted and cultivated gentleman who has just left a social throne vacant in our midst; though he some time ago laid down a sceptre, which alas! there has as yet none arisen to wield with the graceful force which characterized his sway.

Conversation, as an art, is neither generally understood nor appreciated in American society; as a gift it is admired and envied; but few ever think of it as a possible acquisition, much less turn their attention to its cultivation. Our social kings and queens are emphatically "nature's noblemen;" they possess the gift, but it is rare indeed that one is found, who, like Mr. Badger, studies conversation as an art in which "*Artis est celare artem.*" The duties of society are too little practiced amongst us; we think most of our individual pleasure in it, and meet together to receive more than to give it. Consequently, it too frequently happens that the men and women, whose minds are the most richly stored with material for conversation, either withdraw from society altogether, or think they do it no wrong in being listeners instead of speakers, and make no attempt, when they have it not by nature, to cultivate the art of expressing their thoughts and sentiments, forcibly or gracefully, as the occasion or subject may demand. They leave conversation to their inferiors in intellect and information, who, simply because they have "the gift o' the gab," which, like the sails of a vessel, wafts them along—are enabled with just ballast enough to keep them steady to glide smooth-

ly over its deep waters, as well as its ripples of small talk; while argosies, freighted with cargoes more precious than silver or gold, lie at anchor, with the sails of conversation close furled, eagerly gathering up all that floats on the waves of society, worthy to be garnered, whether for its intrinsic value, its graceful beauty, or its grotesque oddity; but seldom giving out of the abundance of their riches. And this, not because they are unwilling to part with the treasures of their mind, but simply because they have not studied the art of doing so easily and gracefully.

Possessing the gift of conversation in an eminent degree, Mr. Badger yet studied it as an art; bringing his vast stores of information, his fund of anecdote, his inimitable humor, and the pathos with which it is almost always combined, all into play, to render himself one of the most brilliant conversationalists this country has ever produced. He frequently regretted that more attention was not paid to the development of conversational powers in young persons, and we once heard him say to a young lady just entering society: "Study always to say the right thing to the right person, at the right time, my dear, and it will render you more agreeable than any other accomplishment you can possibly acquire." But he did not converse on this principle himself; he felt that it was the prerogative of his genius to *make* not to *follow* precedent, and freely expressed the thought or fancy of the moment, heeding the rules of etiquette, when they trammeled, as little in conversation as in society. He liked at times to ride rough-shod over them, not because he despised them, but simply to show that he intended they should be subservient to him, not he to them. "He should be well mounted who attempts to leap the hedges of etiquette." Mr. Badger felt this was the case with himself, and secure in his seat and horsemanship, leaped them at pleasure. "Don't drink that wine with your soup," said a *bon vivant* to him one day at the table of one of his most intimate friends, where a rare wine had been produced as a curiosity.

"Why not? Our host seems to enjoy it mightily."

"Oh! he's a Goth," was the joking reply, "and knows nothing of the etiquette of wine-drinking."

"Well, if he's a Goth, I'm a Vandal, and will drink my wine as it comes, and not according to etiquette."

So did he converse, pouring out the wine of his intellect as the caprice of fancy dictated, and not according to any rule, giving now the sparkling Champagne of wit, or the cool Moselle of wisdom, and then the strong Port of argument, or the bitter Hock of sarcasm; while ever and anon would bubble up the lighter wine of Shiraz in glowing words of sentiment or touching accents of pathos.

But with all his despotism, he never degenerated into the lecturer; conversation was with him what the word literally signifies, a talking *with*, not an address, or talking *to;* he made his superiority in it agreeable, not oppressive, and spoke at length, because he felt conscious he was listened to with pleasure. Nor was it in North-Carolina alone that he reigned a social king, he wielded his sceptre quite as majestically in Washington, at a time when some of the most brilliant conversationalists of this country were assembled there. He was also well known to the frequenters of the Virginia Springs, and once astonished the assembled guests of the White Sulphur by calling, in an authoritative tone, a waiter, and ordering him, to "Take that ice-cream to the kitchen, and have it warmed, and bring it back fit for sensible people to eat." Then turning to a delicate little girl beside him, who was just on the point of breaking into tears because her mother feared to give her the ice, he said, "We'll have ours warmed, then it won't hurt us, and let these people who don't know any better eat theirs cold." When the saucers were brought back filled

with innoxious boiled custard, instead of the dangerous ice-cream, he sipped his share as complacently as little missie herself, who was satisfied that her ice-cream was decidedly improved by being warmed.

He had a keen sense of the ridiculous, and enjoyed a good story on himself as much as on another person. He used to describe with great zest the horror of Judge Cameron, President of the North-Carolina State Bank, on finding, when he called on him one day on his way to the bank, that he had not been to breakfast at half-past nine o'clock.

The Judge, who was very methodical in his habits, and all his life a remarkably early riser, read him such a lecture on the injury he was doing himself by keeping late hours, that when he left, Mr. Badger declared he would visit with his dire displeasure any person, be it wife, child, or servant, who ever again called him to breakfast in the presence of Judge Cameron. But as he did not reform, it was not very long before the judge again dropped in on him before breakfast had been announced.

Mindful of his order, the servant forebore to inform him when it was ready, and one by one the members of the family slipped out of the library into the dining-room, leaving him alone with his guest, who, all unconscious that his host had not broken his fast that day, sat placidly talking for an hour or two, and finally rose to go, saying as he did so, "Remembering your late hours, I did not call as I went down to the bank, and now I declare I have sat with you until it is nearly my dinner-time." None but those who have heard him tell it can fully realize the humorous way in which Mr. Badger used to relate this story. He would describe his sensations when he would catch a faint rattle of knives and forks, tell how he sat wondering what there was for breakfast that morning, and how spiteful he felt toward Mrs. Badger when, fresh from her cup of coffee and hot roll, she came smiling into the room, and, so he declared, took a malicious pleasure in charming the judge into lengthening his visit.

Shortly after this he was traveling in Nash county, and on being asked by the old lady at whose house he stopped for the night, whether he would like an early breakfast next morning, replied: "That depends, madam, on what you call early. What is late to some people is tolerably early to others, and I must confess I am not one of your early birds."

"Lord bless you, neither am I," replied the old lady. "I never could see the sense of getting up so powerful early as some folks do. I'll stand it, that after I get at it, I can do as good a day's work by getting up at a reasonable hour as any of the early ones."

"I have not a doubt of it, madam; but what do you call a reasonable hour?"

"Well, I don't know exactly. You see I an't no ways particular; and if I can get breakfast, and have the things washed up, and the chairs set back, and the floor swept, *by sunrise or a little after*, I'm satisfied."

"Madam," replied Mr. Badger solemnly, "I'll take an early dinner with you to-morrow before I start, and won't trouble you to have me called to breakfast. *I never eat any.*"

His mother, who was a Methodist, once said to him that she did not believe that written prayers were as pleasing to God as extempore ones. "They tell me," she added, "that you Episcopalians have been using the same prayers for over two hundred years. Is that so?"

"Oh! yes, madam; some for a much longer period. We have one in the Prayer-Book that was written eighteen hundred years ago."

"Eighteen hundred years ago? It must be used up by this time. Which is it?"

"The Lord's Prayer," was the quiet answer.

He possessed in an eminent degree the faculty of suiting his conversation to his company without the

least appearance of "talking down to them."

He was always popular with the intelligent youth of both sexes, and it was pleasant to see how, in his last days, they still sought his society. That his old tried friends should cluster around him in his affliction, is not to be wondered at; but up to the day of his death his house was the resort of all those who had loved to gather there before his tongue was so painfully tied by that Providence which mercifully left his intellect unclouded.

When in health he entertained freely and handsomely, in which he was admirably assisted by Mrs. Badger, whose cordial and graceful manners heightened the charm which was thrown over the visitor.

Reminiscences of Mr. Badger must ever recall to those who knew him in his home the memory of one of his oldest and most devoted friends, who preceded him to the grave by only a few months. We allude to Patrick H. Winston, Esq., the grandson of the great Patrick Henry, of Virginia, who for more than thirty years was closely united by the ties of friendship to Mr. Badger, and well worthy to be the chosen companion of that brilliant genius. To the most childish simplicity of character Mr. Winston joined the most profound legal knowledge and a vast amount of general information. Mr. Badger used to call him "the walking encyclopedia," and would often say, when in doubt on any subject, "I'll venture Winston can tell us something about it."

Until he lost his hearing, Mr. Winston was a pleasant companion to any intelligent person; but during the last years of his life he conversed very little, and was never, to the young people of the present day, what he was to those of fifteen or twenty years ago. To children he never grew old, and was, among them, to the last, a very child himself. To buy pounds of candy, raisins, and almonds, and dozens of oranges, cakes, and apples, and take a party of children into the woods to eat them, gather wild-flowers, and "wade in the branch," was to him quite as great a pleasure as to them. He was devotedly attached to Mr. Badger, and his affection was fully reciprocated. The contrast between them was in some things very striking. Nature seemed to obviate the extremes in each, and seek to restore endangered equilibrium by leading them to love one another. Mr. Badger felt he was a social king, and enjoyed being so. He had all the graces of conversation, which are as numerous and effective as those of oratory. He, so to speak, impregnated the information which he acquired, and reproduced it with the indelible stamp of his genius upon it. The play of his features, his gesticulations, and the intonation of his voice, all served to impress what he said on the minds of his hearers; and the fact or information which he imparted came ready for immediate use. Mr. Winston, with an equal share of information, seemed to converse simply for the purpose of imparting it. He had not a single grace either of expression or gesture. Hearing him talk was like reading an interesting book of tales, travels, or history; listening to Mr. Badger was hearing the actors themselves relate their adventures or history. One was like reading Shakespeare; the other, hearing it read by Fanny Kemble or Kean.

On one occasion, in conversation with the scientific Dr. Adrien Gould, of the Dudley Observatory—who was in Raleigh when engaged on the coast survey, and had traveled extensively in the East—Mr. Winston displayed such accurate knowledge of the habits and customs of the Arabs, and such an intimate acquaintance with the topography and vegetation of Arabia, that the learned doctor, after listening to him for some time, and occasionally comparing what he said with his own experience, asked, in all sincerity, with a glance at his gray hairs, "How long is it, sir, since you were in the East?" His astonishment was unbounded when he heard

that Mr. Winston had never been out of Virginia and North-Carolina.

During the last years of his life, Mr. Winston, being reporter of the Supreme Court, resided almost altogether in Raleigh, only leaving it for fishing and hunting excursions, of which he was passionately fond. Scarcely a day passed when he was in town that he did not visit Mr. Badger, and it was a touching sight to those who could remember them both in their prime, and recall the time when the brilliant conversational powers of one and the varied information of the other rendered them such agreeable companions, to see them still clinging to each other, both debarred by physical infirmity from the enjoyment of the conversation of well-read gentlemen, which does as much toward forming the minds of the young as reading itself.

Sadly do we look into each other's faces when men like these depart from our midst, and ask, "Whom have they left behind them to fill their places?" Is it a sign that old age is creeping on us when we reply, "No one!"

Are there really no men in our State who can discuss a political question and take a statesman's view of our present situation as Mr. Badger could, or argue a law question at the bar of our Supreme Court with the legal research and knowledge of Mr. Winston, or address an audience with the chaste and forcible eloquence of Mr. Miller?

If there are, God grant that now, in the time of their country's humiliation and need, they may speedily show themselves, and come to her rescue as these men would have done in their prime!

SCRAPS.

IS THE SOUTH SUNK IN BARBARISM?

What is civilization? Is it to set millions of spindles in motion, and weave more beautiful fabrics than those of Flanders and of France? Is it to achieve wonders in agriculture almost amounting to miracles, like those of the Chinese and Japanese? Is it to fill galleries of painting and sculpture, like those of Italy? Is it to improve in architecture until we surpass in strength and durability the Egyptian pyramids, and in beauty the Greek temples? Is it to fill libraries with hundreds of thousands of rare and costly books, like those of the Vatican and the Bibliothèque Impériale? Yes, but if so, the Southern States of America are not civilized. But if to produce the greatest number of great and good men, and good and gentle women, in proportion to her *white* population, of any Christian nation on earth, is civilization, then, if our reading of history is not at fault, the South stands first amongst the nations of the earth. (The white population! We love the word *white*—it is a sweet, beautiful word, made doubly dear by the efforts of the negrophilists to blacken it.)

ON HEALTH.—GOOD TEETH, A SOUND BRAIN, AND SOUND LUNGS.

It is to be hoped that Dr. Hall will succeed in teaching his countrymen to take care of their health. He says that we habitually deprive our bread of the very portion which gives *soundness to the teeth and strength to the brain*—the outer covering of the grain. "Five hundred lbs. flour

give to the body *thirty* lbs. of the bony element, while the same quantity of bran gives more than one *hundred and twenty-five lbs.*" A bushel of wheat usually weighs sixty lbs., from which is extracted forty lbs. of fine flour, leaving a residue of twenty lbs., and this last twenty lbs. is far richer in bone-producing matter than the more highly prized forty lbs. of fine flour. "This phosphate of lime is an indispensable element of health to the whole human body, and for the want of it multitudes of persons go into a general decline. But swallowing phosphates in the shape of powders has little or no effect. The articles containing these phosphates must pass through nature's laboratory—must be subject to her manipulations in alembics specially prepared by Almighty power and skill, in order to impart their peculiar virtues to the human frame. In plainer phrase, the shortest, safest and most infallible method of giving strength to body, bone and brain, thereby arresting disease, and building up the constitution, is to eat and digest more bread made out of the whole grain" A few years ago, Dr. J. F. Churchill was attracting a great deal of attention by lecturing on the subject of curing consumption, scrofula and kindred diseases, (which soften the bones, and deprave the whole physical organization,) by giving hypophosphites of lime and soda. The lectures were delivered in Paris, and the manufacture of these powders attained there a considerable degree of importance. He claimed that the cure of consumption could be obtained in all cases by this treatment, except when the existing lesion of the lungs was of itself sufficient to produce death. Dr. Hall's theory is more in accordance with the laws of nature; it would be advisable for patients to take their powders in the shape of *good household bread.* In England, among all classes, there are three kinds of bread: 1st, *white bread*—made of the finest flour; 2d, *wheaten bread*—made of flour and a mixture of the finest bran; 3d, *household bread*—made of the whole substance of the grain. And it is this last which Dr. Hall recommends. It is the kind used most generally by the people of England. Miss Murray, the court lady, who traveled through our republican country some years since, said there was nothing that she missed so much here as good household bread. As it is much harder to judge of the quality of unbolted than bolted flour, it is better to buy a good article of wheat and have it ground. Miss Acton has written a book on bread-making, and as it was deemed of sufficient importance to be reviewed in the London Quarterly, it would be advisable for housekeepers who are beginning to make the health of their families a study to buy it. It is called the English Bread Book, by Eliza Acton.

ANOINTING WITH OIL.

"Dr. Simpson of Edinburgh, acting upon a hint thrown out in Chambers's Journal, has been working wonders with consumptive patients by having them well rubbed with warm olive oil." This reminds one of the directions given by the apostle James, to anoint the sick with oil. It is erroneously supposed that the anointing with oil among the ancients was simply pouring oil upon the head, as Samuel anointed David. But the true meaning of the word *anoint* is to rub, to smear with oil. In the Apostolical Constitutions, we are told that one of the offices of the deaconess was to finish the anointing of the female converts, after the deacons had touched their foreheads with the oil.

In consumption, and all other diseases involving a general decline, the skin becomes extremely dry and torpid. The natural oil which keeps it

soft, elastic and open, disappears, and it seems reasonable to suppose that nothing would have a happier effect than gentle friction with a soft flannel or sponge dipped in oil. It would open the pores, render the skin soft and elastic, prevent chilliness, and probably act in many other beneficial ways, which we do not understand. I have an abiding faith that in the Bible we may find every thing necessary for our physical as well as moral and spiritual well-being. Oil, water and wine are the remedial agents spoken of by inspired men, and if water *can* effect what is claimed for it by modern hydropathists, is it not to the body what the influence of the Spirit is to the soul? And is not the same idea conveyed in the holy sacrament of baptism? Pure, unadulterated wine is the most healthful and efficient tonic known. "The new wine is found in the cluster, and one saith, Destroy it not, for a blessing is in it."

THE HAVERSACK.

In the last number our redoubtable corporal with his three men, upon failing to get his expected reënforcements, had beat a hasty retreat from his mountain-top before his four hundred assailants and had retired to the valley below. His regiment followed his example, then his brigade, and still later his division. Poor fellow! we have often thought of him upon that lofty eminence as the representative of his own unfortunate country, looking wistfully across the wide expanse for help while the foe was steadily pressing on. A little only was asked for; the succor never came, but the enemy *did*, and the Pisgah of her hopes, from which she fancied she saw the bright waters and green fields of the promised land, was seized by hostile hands, and naught remained to her save this vale of weeping and of humiliation.

For some days the division was engaged in the delightful task of destroying the Manassas Gap railroad, from Front Royal to Strasburgh. We say delightful task, for we have often noticed how much more eagerly men engage in destruction than in building up. On a bitterly cold night the division went within three miles of Harper's Ferry, then the headquarters of McClellan, and began destroying the Winchester Railroad in rifle-shot of the enemy's pickets. Every thing had to be done in silence and in darkness, since no fires could be kindled and the cross-ties could not be burned until we were leaving. Had the men been put upon duty on such a night and under such circumstances, in repairing the road for their own use, they would have grumbled no little. But as it was a work of destruction to spite the enemy, they toiled away with hearty good will till daylight without flagging and without murmuring. Were we disposed to philosophize we would show how this principle of human nature explains the waste and desolation of our beloved land. Staying behind next morning to see whether the road had been effectually destroyed, we encountered an "intelligent contraband," whose language and manners were more like those of the negroes of the cotton plantations than we had ever before observed in Virginia. His designation of the railroad as "de old lady" was entirely characteristic of the Southern negro. Coming up from the direction of Harper's Ferry we had no difficulty in passing off as one of the blue-coats, a thing often done. "Are there any rebels about?" "Dey all gone, sah, 'speck dey tink you folks arter dem." "How many of them were there?" "Heap on 'em, five tousand, most a millyun." "Who tore up the railroad?" "De rebel, for sartin, marser. Ky, he make de old lady shine," bursting

into a hearty negro guffaw and seeming to enjoy hugely the sight of the twisted iron and burning cross-ties.

But to return to the Manassas Gap railroad; we were just finishing the tearing of it up to the neighborhood of Strasburgh, when the distant booming of cannon toward Winchester announced that the enemy had left his stronghold at Harper's Ferry and was feeling A. P. Hill's position.

A note was received that night from General Jackson directing the division to make a forced march to join A. P. Hill, (who was falling back to coax Geary on,) and ending with the hope that "the Lord would grant us a signal victory." The Fourth North-Carolina regiment had waded the north fork of the Shenandoah twice that day in its labor of love in destroying the railroad, and the prospect of a third cold bath was quite alarming to some of the brave boys of that noble regiment. As we passed them at daylight the next morning in the keen frosty air, we overheard them discussing their probable destination. "Are they hunting another river for us to wade?" growled a poor fellow with vivid recollections of the unwelcome baptism of the day before. "No," answered another, "we are on the pike to Winchester, and there is no river between here and there. It is a fight this time, and not a wade." "I'll be bound," replied the grumbler, "that they will find another river somewhere." But Geary took the hint, and wisely returned to his fortifications. The net had been spread in vain, and the bird had not been snared. We went no further than Middletown, and then filed into camp. The pike was firm, but the fields were ankle-deep in mud. A boy in a cart, in attempting to pass the Fourth North-Carolina regiment, was thrown out and seated as gracefully upon the ground as though he had voluntarily taken that position. As he attempted to scramble to his feet a stalwart soldier marching by him politely remarked, "Keep your seat, my son, I don't want to sit down."

A long good rest, and then came the order for the hurried march to Gordonsville. The rear now became the front, and the division at Middletown led off. Early, some eight or ten miles distant, followed next, and A. P. Hill covered the rear. The march of the leading division was rapid, but by the second night the camp-fires of Early were so near as to intimate his intention to get ahead the next day. Rodes came to the division headquarters that night, and said that if Early passed us on a march to meet the enemy we would never hear the last of it. Besides, he had the best trained forage-masters in the army, and there would scarcely be a rick of hay or bundle of fodder left after their scouting. Major R., the division quartermaster, was accordingly sent for, and directed to have the pike blocked up before daylight with wagons, ambulances, beef cattle, broken-down horses, etc., etc. "I will make the connection, sir," was his reply, according to his usual stereotyped formula, when he meant to signify in the most emphatic manner that the thing should be done. Early's train reached us sure enough by dawn the next morning, but the narrow gorge leading into the Massanutten range was too solidly blocked to permit it to pass, doubtless much to the chagrin of the hero of scores of battles. The division had still to cross the north fork of the Shenandoah, and as the bridge had been burned in some of Jackson's campaigns, he most probably expected to see it balked there. But that he might have no cause for triumph, the engineers and their parties had been hurried off before day in empty wagons to put up a temporary foot-bridge before the arrival of the troops. Fortunately, an abundance of materials was on hand, and the men worked with hearty good will and had finished the job, with the exception of laying down the planks, when the division came in sight. Arms were stacked, and soon the mountain sides were all aglow with hundreds of fires gleam-

ing through the clouds of fog hanging over the river. The division commander, who had been for some hours at the bridge, was in the highest spirits at the success of the work and the thought that his poor fellows would get over dry-shod. Added to this comforting reflection may have been satisfaction at the disappointment the leader of the next division would feel at seeing the last hope cut off of beating in the race for Gordonsville. Just as the last planks were laid down, General Early rode up, much to the surprise of every one, and his countenance betrayed most unmistakably that he did not participate in the joy of his brother officers.

The latter, however, approached and addressed him: "Good morning, General; glad to see you. My division has made a fine march, and the Engineers deserve great credit for the rapid manner in which they have constructed the bridge."

"Yes," grumbled he, surlily looking back at the fires blazing on the mountain slopes, "and you have got the d—est men to burn mountains I ever saw." The next mountain gorges through which we passed *did* witness fires, sure enough. Every thing that would burn had a match applied to it, and never was poor rabbit worse smoked in a hollow tree by mischievous boys, than were Early's men on that unfortunate march in the rear of the mountain-burners. But whether there was any conection between the General's cutting speech, and the multitudinous fires on that day, we leave to the penetration of those familiar with the freaks and follies of the rebel soldiers.

On the last day's march, we struck across some fields and came to a ditch, the little bridge over which had been broken down. The men had been so long engaged in the work of destruction, by General Jackson's order, that they naturally attributed every thing of the kind to him.

We heard one say to another, "Hallo, Tom! I didn't know that old Jack had ever marched this way before, but there's his sign," pointing to the bridge. "I wonder where he has not been," replied the other. The men had no difficulty, as a general thing, in leaping the deep but narrow ditch. One awkward fellow, however, failed to "make the connection," as Major R. would have said, and fell crashing through the ice flat on his back to the bottom. The old rebel cry had never a more provoking application than when some remorseless fellow, standing on the edge of the ditch, shouted to the man floundering below, "Get out of that water; we know that you are thar; see your toes workin'." By the by, General Hoke related a singular instance of the use of this phrase as a battle-cry, at the first Fredericksburgh fight:

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A portly gentleman on the cars between Charleston and Branchville, dressed in a style that Count D'Orsay or Beau Brummell might have envied, was standing up in all the pride of his magnificent outfit, wholly unconscious that two rebel wags were looking at him with mischief gleaming in their eyes. Jim A. and John B. were never known to spare one of the class to which our fat beau belonged, and a whispered conversation sprang up between them relative to the hero of the rich wardrobe.

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Jim saunters up to the fat gentleman, assumes a rustic manner, an innocent look and the drawling tones of the pine-wood settlements. "Mister, mout I be so bold as to ax you in what ere battle you got wounded?"

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"Who goes there?" "Relief." "Halt, relief; advance, corporal, and give the countersign."

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Our own experience with an Irish sentinel was not so unfortunate as that of the corporal.

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The following illustrates the latter proposition:

When our brigade (Hagood's) was sent with other brigades, under you, (General Hill,) on a flanking expedition below Kinston, on 8th March, 1865, one of my men was examining the dead and wounded left by the enemy in the open field which we passed on our right. On attempting to turn over what he took to be a dead Federal, the aforesaid "dead" man exclaimed: "What do you want?" The grayback answered, "I only wanted to swap spoons with you." (This expression, in our division, signified the exchanging of canteens, etc., with prisoners.) The almost dying man replied: "I have no *spoons;* you must think I belong to Butler's army."

The ocean, the tides, the monsters of the deep, were all objects of great interest with our up-country troops, many of whom had never been on the coast previous to the war. That noble soldier and true man, the lamented General Doles, of Georgia, used to tell some laughable anecdotes of the mistakes made by the backwoodsmen on their first acquaintance with salt air. When the enemy landed on —— Island before the battle of S——, a hard-shell Baptist preacher, now a captain in the C. S. (so-called) army was sent with his company across a little slough to reconnoitre. He felt his way cautiously until he saw the invading force, and that it was very large. Secreting his men as well as he could, he lay watching for several hours, when the advance of the enemy warned him that it was time to be getting back to his friends. But when he reached the slough in his hasty retreat, it was swollen by the tide into a great stream. Wholly ignorant of the cause of the phenomenon, the clerical captain looked on with amazement and terror blended in his looks.

His biblical reading may have suggested a similar experience of Moses at the Red Sea, the impassable flood before and the implacable foe behind. But our hero expected no miracle in his own case, and like a

ing through the clouds of fog hanging over the river. The division commander, who had been for some hours at the bridge, was in the highest spirits at the success of the work and the thought that his poor fellows would get over dry-shod. Added to this comforting reflection may have been satisfaction at the disappointment the leader of the next division would feel at seeing the last hope cut off of beating in the race for Gordonsville. Just as the last planks were laid down, General Early rode up, much to the surprise of every one, and his countenance betrayed most unmistakably that he did not participate in the joy of his brother officers.

The latter, however, approached and addressed him: "Good morning, General; glad to see you. My division has made a fine march, and the Engineers deserve great credit for the rapid manner in which they have constructed the bridge."

"Yes," grumbled he, surlily looking back at the fires blazing on the mountain slopes, "and you have got the d—est men to burn mountains I ever saw." The next mountain gorges through which we passed *did* witness fires, sure enough. Every thing that would burn had a match applied to it, and never was poor rabbit worse smoked in a hollow tree by mischievous boys, than were Early's men on that unfortunate march in the rear of the mountain-burners. But whether there was any conection between the General's cutting speech, and the multitudinous fires on that day, we leave to the penetration of those familiar with the freaks and follies of the rebel soldiers.

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true soldier made up his mind to meet his fate gallantly. For turning to his company and drawing them up in line of battle he addressed them: "My bretherin, I have been a preacher of the gospel for twenty years; and was always agin cussin; but the Yankees is a comin' and a tremengus rain somewhar has riz this here creek so that we can't cross, and I swar, boys, we must fight like the d—l." Fortunately for the brave and determined captain and his no less gallant company, a "sand-lapper" pointed out a crossing, otherwise his fate might have been sad in a contest with ten thousand men. Our Baptist brethren, however, in the late war were never very particular about counting noses, and plunged into a battle as freely as they do into the water.

General D. related another instance of the same kind of ignorance on the part of a six-footer from the up-country of Georgia, in his old regiment, the noble Fourth Georgia. While posted near Suffolk, he had attempted one morning to cross a little stream when the tide was in. Encumbered with his clothes, the poor fellow had to swim for his life and narrowly escaped from being drowned.

The regiment in the afternoon saw him sit down on the opposite bank of the creek, deliberately take off his shoes and socks, next his clothes, and tie them up carefully in a bundle for his back. All these preparations being made, he hesitated before proceeding any further; but at length having made up his mind like a gallant soldier as he was, he *plunged boldly into the water, which was nowhere more than two feet deep.* The cheers with which he was received by his regiment, when his perilous feat was safely accomplished were prolonged, enthusiastic and somewhat vociferous.

Dr. J. A. M., of S. C., relates a similar anecdote, which we will give in his own words:

The magnificence of a moon-rise on a cloudless night at sea, when the moon is just past the *full*, is a spectacle that must be seen to be appreciated. Words can not adequately convey an idea of it to those who have never seen it.

Perhaps a raw recruit from the up-country of South-Carolina, who had just joined Colonel Hatch's command, came as near describing it as any one who had ever attempted it. A few nights after joining the command, stationed at Dewees Inlet, it fell to his turn to be on post as sentinel, and he was stationed at the extreme point of Long Island. The officer instructed him in case of any unusual sight, or remarkable light, or of any approach from the sea, to call for the corporal of the guard.

About 9 or 10 o'clock at night, the word was passed from post to post for corporal of the guard to come to post number 5. On reaching the point, the corporal inquired why he had been summoned. "Oh! it turned out to be nothing," says B., "it was only the moon rising, but I'll be confounded if I didn't think all New-York was on fire." The good-humored corporal enjoyed the joke so much that he could not reprove Mr. B. for the useless trouble he had given him.

"The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong," are the words of holy writ.

War demonstrates that battles are won by the skill of commanders, the drill, discipline and courage of troops, rather than by superiority of numbers. At the beginning of the rebellion, the Dixie officers constantly instructed their men not to fear any odds against them, if less than three to one. Under this teaching the soldiers were always willing to join battle with two and three times their numbers. And experience soon proved to them that the fierceness of a fight did not depend upon their relative strength or weakness. At Cold Harbor, the opposing forces were nearly equal, if any disparity existed, the odds were in our favor.

At Boonsboro, we were outnumbered from ten to fifteen to one. But Cold Harbor was a more stubborn contest than Boonsboro. This was owing to the admirable position of the enemy, to their intrenchments, and to the skillful manner in which they were handled. Should a truthful history of the war be ever written, we doubt not that the battle of Cold Harbor will place Fitz-John Porter in the front rank of Federal generals.

While we were occupying Gee's house, the night after the battle, a wounded major, a former intimate friend, was brought in as a prisoner. We remembered with strange feelings the solicitude which we felt in the Mexican war, lest this very man should be injured. After his wounds had been dressed, he was disposed to be quite talkative, and was much gratified at the compliment paid to a regiment on a hill in front of the field. "Ah! that was Warren's regiment, and a noble fellow he is." "Well, it fought better than I have seen any of *your men* fight before." In return for this praise, he gave full credit to the gallantry of our own "tar-heels." "I thought that there was a great deal of Union sentiment in North-Carolina; but if your Union men fight that way, I don't want to meet your rebels."

It will never be a part of history, but we believe it nevertheless true, that the decisive blow of the day was a flank movement proposed by General Garland, of Virginia, to his division commander, approved by him, and executed by Garland's North-Carolina brigade, assisted by G. B. Anderson's North-Carolina brigade, and by Colonel O'Neal, 26th Alabama regiment. The simultaneous advance of all our troops was of course essential to the success of Garland's enterprise; but it was his attack which first broke their line and alarmed them for their safety in passing the "Grape Vine" or "Sumner Bridge."

The account of the battle given by the French princes on McClellan's staff confirms this view. Since the fall of Garland, it has always been a source of regret with the writer, that his genius and noble bearing on this occasion had not been fully appreciated by the country. He and Captain Blount, of North-Carolina, were the only officers who remained on horseback during the advance. Blount was killed in rallying the 30th North-Carolina regiment and with its colors in his hands.

So much was General G. impressed with the gallant conduct of Captain Blount, that he spoke of writing a special report of his heroism to the Governor of North-Carolina. The untimely fall of the General himself may, however, have occurred before this act of justice was done. General Anderson, the second in command of the assaulting column, was a true son of the Old North State, one of the purest and noblest victims of the war. Garland was killed instantly at Boonsboro, and Anderson mortally wounded three days after at Sharpsburgh.

The next morning after the battle of Cold Harbor, a general officer, in citizen's dress was brought as a prisoner to the writer of this article, who recognized in him a former messmate for a good portion of two years and a tent-mate for a good portion of one year. He seemed much disconcerted at our changed relations, sat down and covered his face with his hands, and at length said with much emotion: "H., we ought not to be enemies." Such was one of the many scenes in this unfortunate civil war. With the true spirit of the soldier, the little that the prisoner said seemed to express rather regret for the loss of the battle than anxiety about his own condition. He and the wounded major were sent in the same ambulance to Richmond, and we heard no more of him till we saw an account of his fall at the head of his corps, in the first day's fight at Gettysburgh. A brave, chivalrous, high-toned hero, though the lips of a former foe pro-

nounce his eulogy. He perished in the cause which he doubtless believed to be right. We have no wish to question his motives, or those of the men who fought against him.

A remarkable incident was noticed on the field of Malvern Hill, the night after the fight.

General Trimble and the writer of this rode within probably forty paces of a Federal battery, and saw what appeared to be the litter-bearers of both armies, with lights in hands, searching for wounded comrades, without interfering with each other in their mournful duties.

The writer was frequently recognized by the men of his own command, and they generally implored to be removed from the field. But with some, forgetful of their own suffering, the question was, "Have we whipped the Yankees?"

The noteworthy fact was this, that *in every such instance the inquirer was an Alabama soldier.* The only explanation of the phenomenon ever suggested, is, that there was a large number of enthusiastic boys in Rodes's brigade, and boys are always more patriotic and less selfish than men. We have seen a good many stragglers from the battle-field, but never saw one, to our recollection, whose age seemed to be under twenty.

General Trimble, not aware that the batteries of the enemy were arranged on the amphitheatre of the hill, tier above tier, was desirous to take his brigade—which had not been engaged that day—and capture the guns to which we had approached so near. His proposition was not approved. The disappearance of the enemy from our front the next morning, and his continued retreat, we trust, satisfied the minds of the wounded but still enthusiastic Alabama boys. On examining the ground where the battery had been placed which General Trimble wished to assail, we noticed that day three dead men of the Louisiana brigade, who had evidently been killed at the guns. Almost all the Federal dead on the field over which our division had fought were Irishmen. Whether Meagher's redoubtable brigade had been posted there or not, we never knew, but from some cause the fact was as stated.

Colonel Osborne, of the 4th North-Carolina regiment, related an incident illustrating the heroism and unselfish character of boys, already alluded to.

On the 12th May, 1864, Hancock's corps captured General Edward Johnson and a part of his division, but the further progress of the United States troops was arrested, as General Lee expressed it to the writer, by that "fine fellow Ramseur."

They, however, succeeded in gaining a position, from which they had an oblique though not quite an enfilade fire upon our line. Colonel O., while lying wounded in a wood from which he had a view of the respective forces, saw a young lad approaching him with a painful wound in the head. While talking with the boy, he noticed a commotion in McGowan's South-Carolina brigade, to which the young man belonged, which was soon followed by the flight of five or six men toward the woods, where the wounded spectators lay. Every soldier knows that the beginning of flight, as of strife, is like the letting out of great waters, which the hand of a child may stop, but unarrested at the critical moment, the waves increase in strength and volume till no mortal power can check them in their ravages and destruction. The boy understood all this, and in most impassioned language implored the men to return, adding: "Badly wounded as I am, I will go back with you, and die at my post." Inspired by his burning words and heroic example, the men returned with him and the disorder in the ranks immediately ceased. Colonel O. is of opinion that the gallantry

of the lad arrested a growing panic and prevented a terrible disaster. 'Tis thus in every calling and pursuit in life; the influence of a single good deed can never be estimated until all its chain of consequences is revealed in the light of eternity. Colonel Von Zinker, of Dan Adams's brigade, related to the writer a similar occurrence as having taken place at Chickamauga.

A lad of some seventeen summers brought back a squad of fugitives by making them fear *him* more than the terrible *battery* of the enemy.

Colonel Von Z. commanded a regiment in which the Irish element was largely represented. He saw one of those who had ventured too far forward coming back and asked him what was the matter. "Faith," replied he, "I've got a hole in me stomach." The Colonel then noticed that the poor fellow was desperately if not mortally wounded. True pluck to the last, the brave soldier waved his cap and cried out: "Charge them, boys! they've got chaase (cheese) in their haversacks." We know not whether his explorations to the front had enabled him to procure some of that desirable article, so long denied to the Dixie boys; but at any rate, he seemed to think that the cheese was the chief attraction in the great drama being performed. The Irish are proverbial for the keenness of their scent in discovering liquids; it is not so well known that they have an equal aptitude for finding out good things of a more substantial character. But in this war, the rebel Irish kept sleek and fat spite of the almost miraculous inefficiency of the commissariat. Their penetration was never at fault in procuring some eatable where others could see nothing. In Cleburne's night-fight of the 19th September, he drove the left wing of the enemy back to the Chattanooga road about a mile, and captured several guns and caissons. The latter had bags of oats upon them, and, apparently, oats only. But the prying Irish discovered a sack of coffee nicely stored away under the oats. A bag of gold could scarcely have made a greater sensation in the rebel ranks. We were a good deal amused at the attempt of a staff-officer to buy it with *Confederate money*. Pat was in nowise inclined to trade, but generously offered a *handful* of coffee to the would-be purchaser.

The love and devotion of the Irish to their countryman, the heroic Cleburne, knew no bounds. It was said that through his influence there was less desertion and less grumbling among them than with any other class of soldiers. General Lucius Polk, who had a large number of them in his fine brigade, said that when they were directed to perform any particularly dangerous or disagreeable duty, they always asked, "Does ould Pat order it?" And when told that he did, they invariably replied: "And be sure we'll do it then."

It was no wonder that they felt so strongly attached to one who was the soul of honor, of courage, and of every manly quality—one who was never known to order them to go to any point he was unwilling to visit himself. It has been rare indeed for one who had performed such prodigies of successful valor, and had risen by his own efforts to such high rank, to preserve through it all, as P. R. Cleburne did, the modesty of the girl and the simplicity of character of the child. His delicacy of feeling, shrinking from public notoriety, prevented his extraordinary merits from being fully known. The fighting general at Richmond, Kentucky, the laurels, which ought to have adorned his brow, were entwined on another's. At Big Hill, on the retreat of the unfortunate Bragg from Kentucky, he saved the large wagon-train of one column of the army from destruction, after the order had been given for it to be parked and burned to prevent it from falling into the hands of the enemy.

He once more saved the entire train of the same luckless leader in his flight from Missionary Ridge.

Covering too the retreat of the army he turned upon his pursuers at Tunnel Hill, and inflicted such a blow as to prevent their further advance. On the field of battle, he had an eye as rapid to take in every object as that of Forrest himself, and in the drill and handling of his troops he had no superior and probably no equal in the Confederate service.

Colonel Osborne, (then Captain 4th North-Carolina,) when lying wounded in the hip at Seven Pines, discovered a Federal prowling about in the bushes, with a gun in his hand. Cocking his pistol, he ordered the man to lay down his gun and come to him. The soldier did so. He then made the man put his arm around him and assist him off the field, still, however, holding the pistol so as to use it in an emergency. They reached a point swept by a cross-fire of so terrific a character that they both sought shelter in a ditch.

Here they had quite a pleasant conversation for some time until the advance of our troops caused the cessation of the fire on the exposed point, when the Colonel made the man resume his support of him, and help him to a place of safety. The man was named Dyer, and belonged to the 100th New-York regiment.

A singular incident occurred on the Williamsburgh road, during the hottest part of the contest, after the capture of the enemy's breastworks:

A young Dixie (or so-called Dixie) lad had worked his way to the front and "cut out" (in naval parlance) one of the enemy's sharp-shooters. As he was passing by his division commander, the lad cried out: "I got him up there, right among the Yankees." The prisoner laughed, and seemed in as fine spirits as his captor, when he suddenly fell forward, dead, on his face. A shot from his friends had instantly killed him.

Colonel D——, of a New York regiment was brought into the tent of General Casey, (U. S. A.,) then occupied by the rebel commander on the Williamsburgh road. The wounded Colonel said to the latter: "Where is General Anderson (R. H.)? He is the bravest man I ever saw." "This is he," said the other, pointing to a quiet-looking gentleman, sitting beside him. The sufferer gazed at him for some time, but said nothing to him. After a while, turning to the rebel commander, he said: "I would be glad to be removed further back; if McClellan is the general I take him to be, you will have a hot day of it." He had scarcely spoken, when several balls penetrated the tent. None of the group was struck, and he was carried off to Richmond.

We began in our last number the publication of military papers from general officers of the late Confederate army. This we expect to keep up in each issue. But the truth of history can only be vindicated, and the story of the life and death struggle can only be truly told by officers of inferior grade and by the soldiers of the ranks. We repeat, then, to them the request, made in the first number of the magazine, and in all letters and circulars sent out, that they will furnish incidents and anecdotes of the war. We will most gladly receive contributions from military men of every grade.

A FEW WORDS ON FRUIT CULTURE.

"By far the most important branch of horticulture at the present moment, in this country, is the cultivation of fruit. The soil and climate of the United States are, on the whole, as favorable to the production of hardy fruits as those of any other country, and our Northern States, owing to the warmth of summer, and the clearness of the atmosphere, are far more prolific of fine fruits than the north of Europe. The American farmer South, has the finest peaches, for the trouble of planting and gathering—while in England they are luxuries only within the reach of men of fortune, and even in Paris they can only be ripened upon walls.

"By late reports of the markets of London, Paris, and New-York, we find that the latter city is far more abundantly supplied with fruit than either of the former; though finer specimens of almost any fruit may be found, *at very high prices*, at all times, in London and Paris, than in New-York. The fruit-grower abroad depends upon extra size, beauty, and scarcity for his remuneration, and asks sometimes a guinea a dozen for peaches, while the orchardist of New-York will sell you a dozen baskets for the same money. The result is, that while you may more easily find superb fruit in London and Paris than in New-York, you can not afford to pay for it. You know that not one man in a hundred tastes peaches in a season on the other side of the water, while during the month of September, they are the daily food of our whole population. Within the last five years the planting of orchards has, in the United States, been carried to an extent never before known." (Downing's Essays.) There is no land in the world better suited for apple culture than the western part of Virginia, and North-Carolina, and the upper part of Georgia. Just give the trees foot room, and they take care of themselves. But leaving the trees to take care of themselves is not the way to have fine fruit, although you will have fruit. And all fruit, whatever its comparative value may be, is desirable.

The apple is more certain of success than any fruit we cultivate, and I have felt some desire to see an apple orchard and vineyard in one—that is, a vine planted at the foot of each apple tree. I think it was in Lombardy, where Dickens saw vines festooned from tree to tree, and he said the trees looked as if they had taken hold of each other's hands to dance. In Portugal, it is a common mode of training vines, and when we remember that this delicious fruit never rots on trees, and that nature, intending the vine to be supported by trees, gave it roots that *will not interfere with the tree;* but *roots* which run quite beyond them for support—it does seem that the most successful vineyards might be cultivated in this way. An experienced *vigneron* might prune a vine on a tree quite as effectually as one on any artificial support; cutting away the old wood and leaving only the new. This union of vineyard and orchard should be annually manured and cultivated, and I think the apples and grapes would be a mutual benefit to each other.

The fine nurseries which were in successful operation in all the Southern States before the war, placed the finest varieties within the reach of every one. The Nickajack, Culasaga, Nantahallee, Carter, and Shockly might, for beauty, perfume and flavor, have originated in the garden of Eden.

Pear culture has also met with much success in the Southern States. This season the blight has destroyed some trees and injured many; but they amply repay the cultivator, even with this drawback. A farmer does not give up the culture of wheat be-

cause the rust sometimes injures it; but many are deterred from planting pear-trees, because some neighbor may have lost two or three trees by blight. A pear orchard should be cultivated. It is true they will grow and bear without it, which Indian corn will not do; but they grow and bear a hundred fold better when well cultivated. The Madeleine for the earliest, the delicious Seckel, the Duchess d'Angoulême, and the winter Nelis, are merely a few of the many splendid varieties worthy of a vast deal more attention than they now receive. Many varieties of pears are really ornamental trees, and are worthy of a place on the lawn for mere beauty of form and foliage. And the children who gambol on the velvet turf would not have the least objection to having their sports varied by an occasional wind-fall of juicy Seckels.

All stone fruits succeed well at the South, if the numerous pigs and chickens of the plantation, are allowed access to their locality. Many a delicious peach may be plucked from even trees growing upon deserted old fields—the

"Harvest of a whole plantation's desolation."

Downing says that lime is the great basis of large crops and smooth high-flavored fruit. The great secret of orchard culture at Pelham farm is the abundant use of lime. This orchard exports barrels of Newtown pippins, by the thousand, to the English market, and it is said these American apples are as well known in the Covent Garden market as a Bank of England note, and can be turned as readily into cash. In the Botanical Congress recently held in Europe, it was recommended to cultivate the finer American apples in "orchard houses." This congress, under the presidency of the famous De Candolle, was composed of the botanists and horticulturists of Europe, and their discussions were extremely interesting. Professor Karl Kock, of Berlin, Mr. J. E. Howard, of London, and James Anderson, of Scotland, and Professor Lecoq, were amongst the number of speakers.

When our planters once become convinced of the truth of the English farming maxim, that "he who puts most into his land, gets most out of it," then we will find that the culture of fruit interferes very little with the culture of other crops. Take a ten-acre orchard of winter apples, put into it one hundred dollars' worth of phosphate of lime, two tons, and you have reason to expect twenty bushels per acre, at least of wheat, which at $2 per bushel is $400. The thousand apple-trees of the ten acres, at the lowest estimate, of one bushel per tree, would produce 1000 bushels, and be worth in any Southern market $1000. (Colonel Buckner has realized, we learn, $1400 per acre for fruit alone.) Now deduct the expense of sowing and cutting the wheat, and you have the result. Your hundred dollars' worth of phosphate pays handsomely. Mr. Pell of Pelham, cultivates almost exclusively, we are told, the Newtown Pippin. Colonel Buckner, near Milledgeville, Ga., cultivates almost exclusively the Shockly.

Our Georgia poet, of whom we are so proud, thus sings:

"—and health to him in trunk and limb,
Who plants an apple-seed!
And goldenly upon his bough,
And gladly at his knee,
Each year shall bring a brighter spring,
And fairer fruit; for he
Who draws his sap from Nature's tap,
Shall flourish like a tree."

THE BEST WINE GRAPES.

It is well known that the best table grapes are not the best wine grapes. The Isabella is a delicious table grape, and will make a beautiful claret, "somewhat darker than the St. Julien," yet it scarcely pays for wine culture. It rots badly, unless trained upon walls or trees.

The Catawba is fine for both purposes, but it also is sometimes injured by rotting. It is so well known as a round purplish red grape that no description is necessary.

For the South, however, it is believed that the Warren, Pauline, and Scuppernong, are the great wine grapes.

The first is thus described by A. C., of Woodward, S. C:

"Has leaves and wood much resembling the wild type, (wild summer grape, *Vitis estivalis*,) though the wood is not quite so red. It is a very vigorous grower, and if planted in proximity to others, will keep them under, and finally destroy them. The berry is dark, reddish-brown, not blue-black, about half an inch and over in diameter, very juicy and pleasant. Bunches often large, and more or less compact. Leaves very large, deeply lobed and of a rich green. This precious grape, which is a great bearer, gives a wine varying in color from almost white to a shade darker than Madeira, according to the time the juice has been left on the skins. It will not make a claret or red wine. It is sufficiently strong to require no sugar or brandy to preserve it from acidity; and will keep as well in a hot garret as does Madeira.

The same writer thus describes the Pauline:

"Berries light reddish-brown, transparent, juicy, very sweet, with very thin skin; about the size of the Warren. Bunches mostly loose, shouldered and large. A most delicious table grape. In dry weather, if allowed to remain on the vines, the berries will wither and dry into raisins. Leaves large, dented, curved at the edges, yellowish green; the ends of the young branches have a peculiar blackish appearance as though diseased. Wood deep red, buds very large."

Makes a strong wine, similar to port.

The above grapes are indigenous at the South, and so is that finest of all grapes, the Scuppernong.

The Scuppernong is a genuine North-Carolinian, and also a thorough rebel, for it persistently refuses to yield its luscious fruit, when carried North of the Potomac. A fruit it will produce, but it is a mockery, a sham. No wonder Nicholas Longworth pronounced them only fit for bullets to be used in time of war. But under the warm influence of a Southern sun, it mellows into delicious softness, and a green golden hue, like the fruits of the Hesperides. The vine surpasses all others in luxuriance of growth, and requires but little pruning. There are many varieties of it, as shades of differences may be discovered in every seedling almost, and of course some are much superior to others. The wine made from this grape has a peculiar aroma, and is growing in popularity. There is a dark purple variety, which is considered by many persons superior to the white.

REVIEW NOTICES.

Our Mutual Friend. By Charles Dickens.

It may be thought that we have been culpably tardy in so late a notice of this production of the most prolific and popular pen of the age. Many of our readers, however, as with ourselves, have been cut off, by "force of circumstances," from access to the current literature of the day, and some of them may not even now have read a work which has fallen into our hands only within the last month.

We do not propose to give an abstract of the story, nor an analysis of its characterizations.

Both are forbidden by the space at our command, and by our consciousness of incompetency for so delicate a task. In the number and variety of its *droll* characters—in delineating which Dickens excels all living authors, and is excelled, if at all, only by Walter Scott among the departed—this last work will be found not inferior to the most successful of its predecessors. We may not, indeed, find a Wilkins Micawber, a Weller, father or son, nor a Pecksniff; but what is wanting in the striking individualizations of the *dramatis personæ*, is fully supplied in the unprecedentedly large assemblage of actors in the scenes, any one of whom would have sufficed to rescue the book from dullness and thus from oblivion.

It is sufficient to say of this work that its moral tone is unexceptionable. We pity the man or woman who goes to a novel for his religion, whether of doctrine, rites, church order, examples, precepts, or devotion. We are satisfied, so far forth, if it inculcate nothing erroneous in faith, or immoral in practice.

A friend at our elbow who, for personal reasons perhaps, feels a deeper interest in this feature of the book than we may be supposed to feel, wishes us to express our gratification that Mr. Dickens has at last presented the world with a clergyman who is neither a boor nor a hypocrite, neither a fool nor a scoundrel. It is true. Mr. Silvey performs no important part in the progress or denouement of the story, yet he is a gentleman and a Christian. His wife—and our friend thinks the author deserves thanks for this also—is a lady.

One thing we must regret—that Mr. Dickens should, by the title of his book, have given the weight of his immense popularity to extend and perpetuate so gross a solecism in language as that current phrase, "Our Mutual Friend," "the low vulgarism," as Macaulay stigmatizes it, "for our *common* friend."

Science a Witness for the Bible. By the Rev. W. N. Pendleton, D.D.

Although six years have elapsed since this valuable book made its first appearance, they have been years of such excitement and engrossment in more stirring matters than the quiet perusal of a scientific treatise, that we need no apology for calling attention at this late day to this important contribution to religious literature.

Moreover, on its first appearance, the author, though well-known in his own church as a gifted clergyman, had not that wide reputation which he now has, as General Lee's chief of artillery.

It was fair to take it for granted that a book from such a man would repay the reading. The attentive *study* of it has inspired the desire that others might receive from it the same pleasure and profit which we ourselves have received. The five subjects discussed are all of great interest, viz.: 1st. Science and Revelation; 2d. The Human Family; 3d. The Chronology of Creation; 4th. The Age of Mankind; 5th. The

Monuments of Lost Ages. The style is plain, simple and clear as a sunbeam, always attractive, and sometimes eloquent.

EDITORIAL.

When we were ready to go to press with the May number of this magazine, and had made all arrangements for publication in this place, we were compelled, by circumstances over which we had no control and which we could not possibly have foreseen, to send the manuscript off for publication. The proof-reading not being under our own eye, many errors have been left uncorrected, which we hope the charitable will excuse. Our own establishment will be in operation after this month, and we trust that no further apologies will be needed, and at any rate will expect no indulgence for errors arising from heedlessness and neglect.

Some of the mistakes, to which we have alluded, are very curious, as showing the influence of modern ideas. In the article headed, "Hints to Parents," we mentioned the "punishment, by stoning to death, of the disobedient son or daughter, under the Mosaic economy." Now our printer had heard so much of "starving the rebellion to death" by the parental government, that when the case of the rebellious child came up, his fingers naturally set the type for "starving" as the natural punishment. Hence our readers, conversant with the Bible, were doubtless astonished at the sentence: "The punishment, by starving to death, of the disobedient son or daughter, under the Mosaic law." As a loyal rebel we regret this mistake, since it attributes to Moses an idea that belonged appropriately to General Sherman.

A more curious error is found on the first page of the June number in the table of statistics. The first column should be headed "Free population" and the second "Slave population," but it is just the reverse; the first is headed "slave" and the second "free." The copyist of the article is sure that his copy was right, and the proof-reader is sure that the proof was right.

We were, therefore, disposed at first to attribute this interchange of headings to some sort of conjuration, jugglery, or diablerie; but after reading some of the jacobin speeches, we thought it is so natural for the negro to take precedence of the white man that we could no longer see any thing miraculous in Sambo's appropriating the first column to himself.

But the climax is in the article on Washington in the June number. An extract of a letter is given, in which the Father of his Country says, "Error is the portion of humanity, and to censure it, whether committed by this or that public character is the prerogative of freemen." Now the printer hearing the everlasting negro discussed, morning, noon, and night, has unwittingly changed the last word into "freedmen." Dickens has immortalized the expression of the hunter, from the black forests of Mississippi, "This is piling it up a leetle too mountaneyus." The attributing to Washington a speech about "freedmen," ninety years ago, was piling it quite high enough. But it is altogether "too mountaneyus" to suppose that so accurate and precise a man would confirm the prerogative of the freedmen to discussing public characters. They have the higher and more glorious prerogative of distributing gratuitously the "odeur d'Afrique" in the halls of the national Capitol.

A friend wants to know what becomes of the fines imposed by the